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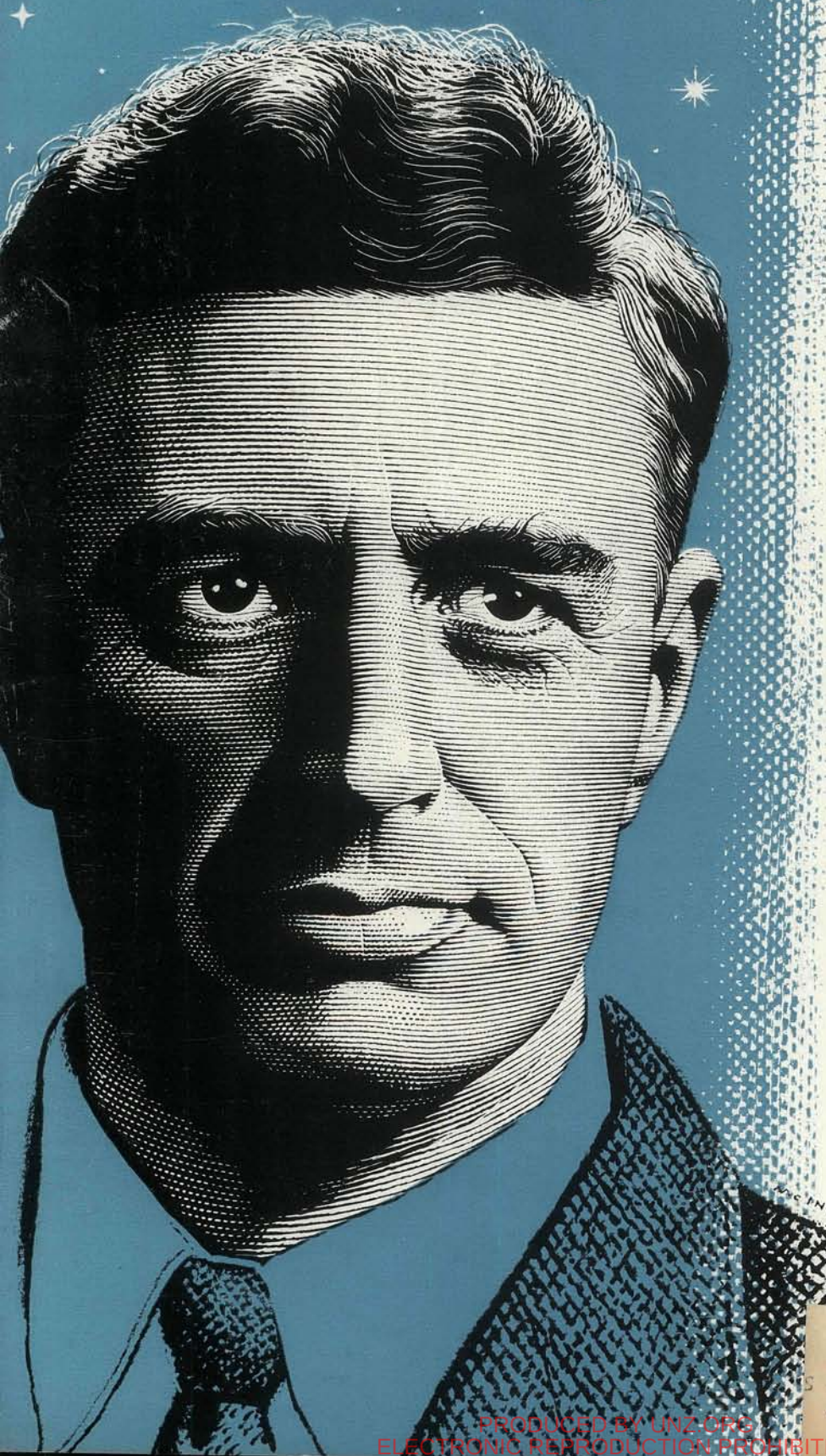
Saturday Review

DECEMBER 11, 1954 / 20¢



THE JUDGMENT OF THE DIPLOMAT
By A. J. P. Taylor

THE CRITICS CHOOSE THE YEAR'S BEST RECORDINGS

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Goodman Ace
Bennett Cerf
Arthur Knight
Irving Kolodin
Horace Sutton
Warren Weaver

Guy Murchie, author of "Song of the Sky."
(See page 12)

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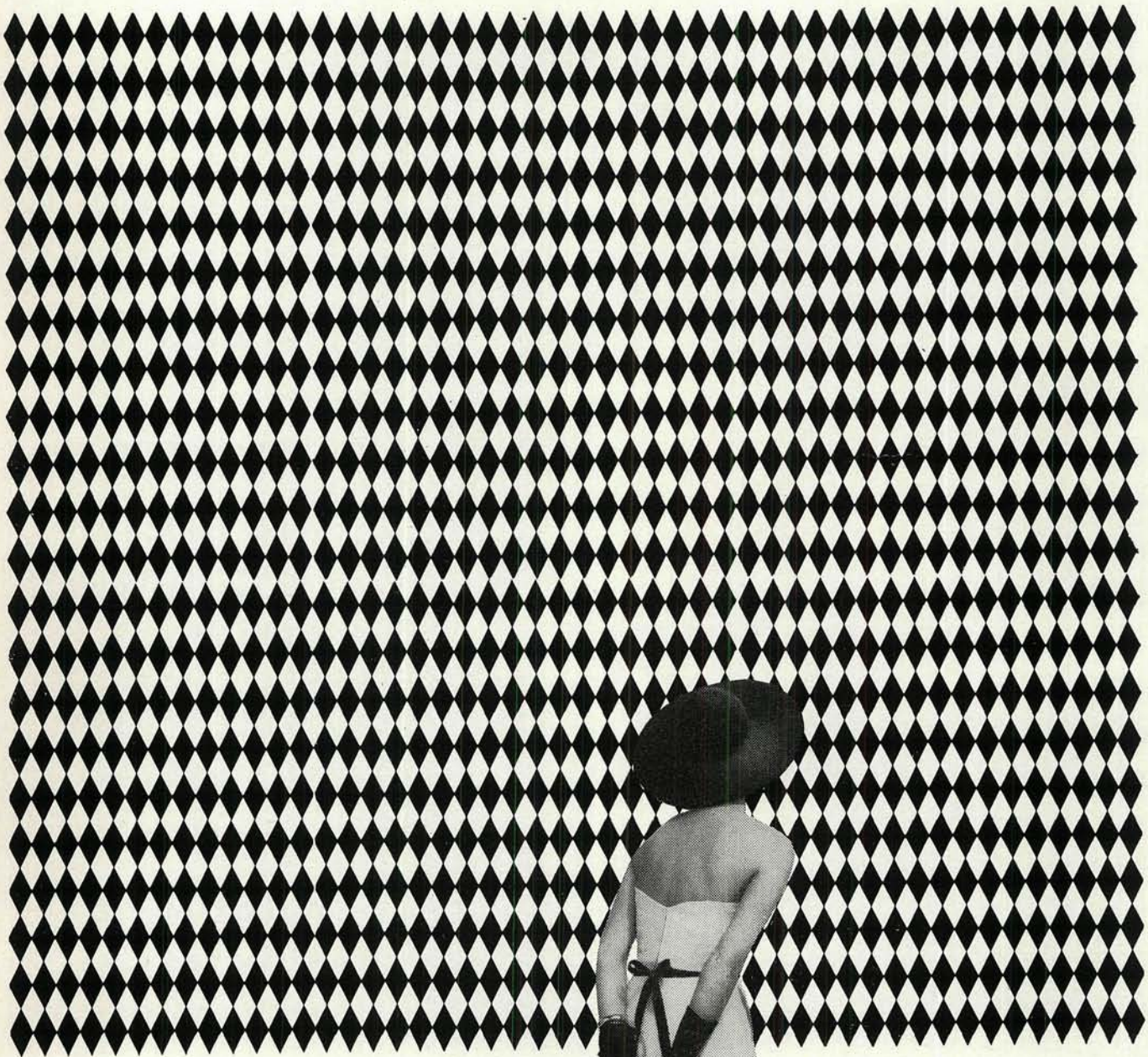
This page contains 2000 diamonds–the number of speakers in the

new Columbia 360K* phonograph



* Incredible but true. The completely new Columbia "360K" phonograph actually contains 2000 separate high frequency speakers. The "K" designation stands for Kilosphere, a remarkable Columbia electrostatic speaker development. Without it this compact phonograph would have to be as big as a house. Listen to it. You will hear a quality of living, breathing sound that is unexcelled by any other phonograph in the entire world!

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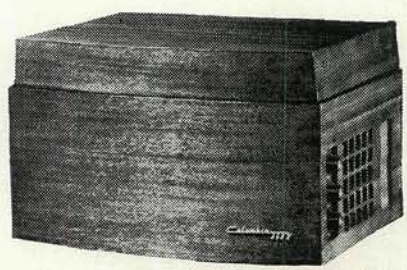

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SR's Library Poll

"TREADMILL to Oblivion" (#14 on this week's poll) wouldn't seem to be a good title for a comical book, and it isn't. Fred Allen may not chortle through his tears like Canio, but he makes it clear that in the world of soaps and shoe-polishes, public-relations strategy and advertisers—the deadline, cut-line, story-line—it is as much as a man can do to smile over the years, let alone bellylaugh.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)**
3. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)
4. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
5. **Katherine**
   by Anya Seton (F)
6. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
7. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
8. **My Brother's Keeper**
   by Marcia Davenport (F)
9. **TNT—The Power Within You**
   by Claude Bristol (G)
10. **The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill**
    by Hermann Hagedorn (G)
11. **The Old Man and the Sea**
    by Ernest Hemingway (F)
12. **R.S.V.P.**
    by Elsa Maxwell (G)
13. **No Time for Sergeants**
    by Mac Hyman (F)
14. **Treadmill to Oblivion**
    by Fred Allen (G)
15. **The View from Pompey's Head**
    by Hamilton Basso (F)
16. **The Mind Alive**
    by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
17. **Soldier of Fortune**
    by Ernest K. Gann (F)
18. **The Fall of a Titan**
    by Igor Gouzenko (F)
19. **Always in Vogue**
    by Edna Woolman Chase and Ilka Chase (G)
20. **Call to Greatness**
    by Adlai E. Stevenson (G)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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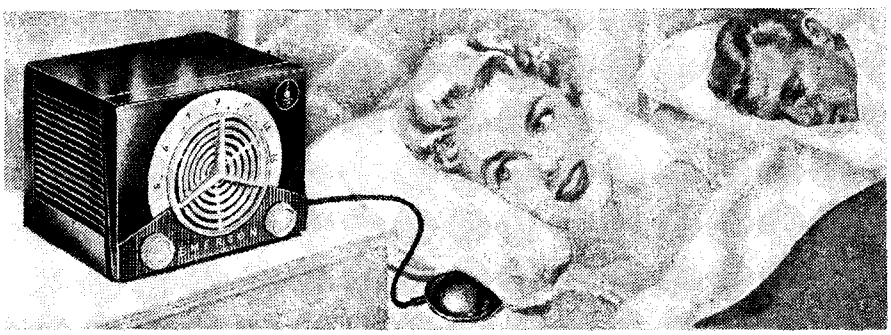

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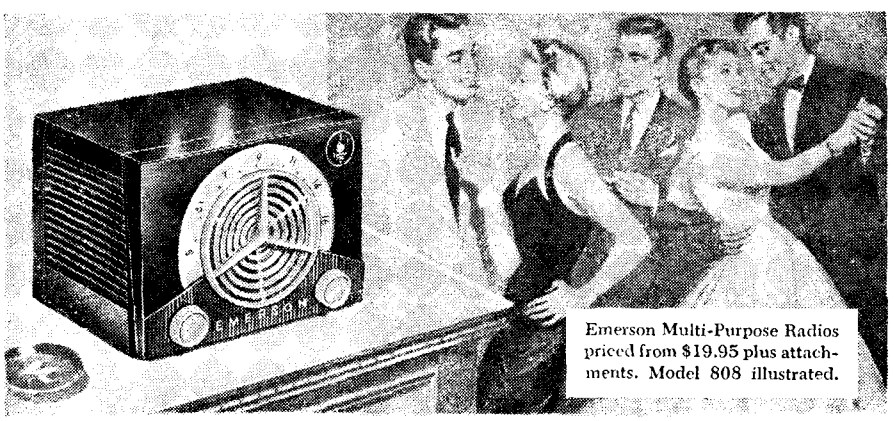

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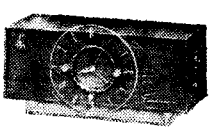

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A woman once came into a bookshop where I was working and requested two books, one for a girl of eight and one for a girl of nine.

As the books were being wrapped, she asked the clerk to note the age on each package. When told that, with ages so close, there was little difference, she thought a moment and said, "I guess it doesn't matter, anyway. They're for the same girl. I forgot her birthday last year."

Anyone who sells books knows that the selection of the proper book for a child can be very difficult. There are so many books, and so many individual differences within an age group that, short of bringing a child into the shop to make his own selections, there is no sure way of knowing which book is the right one.

Even with these reservations, however, I am confident that this Christmas there is a book that is absolutely right for any younger child. It is Marguerite de Angeli's "Book of Nursery and Mother Goose Rhymes".

Its text is tried and true; its illustrations, while new for this edition, are enough in the tradition to satisfy even the most nostalgic grandparent; its range is enormous, with 376 rhymes included; and since it has just been published, the chances are good that a child won't have it yet.

If *you* forgot a child last Christmas, you could safely give him two copies of this book this year. It will be that popular.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Marguerite de Angeli's "Book of Nursery and Mother Goose Rhymes" ($5.00) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your favorite bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which feature special Christmas gift wrapping. When doing your book shopping for children, look also at two other new editions of old favorites: Roger Duvoisin's "The Night Before Christmas" and Tony Palazzo's "Aesop's Fables," both published by Garden City Books.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 11, 1954

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 50, Dec. 11, 1954. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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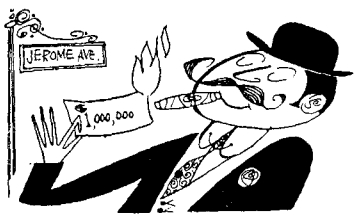
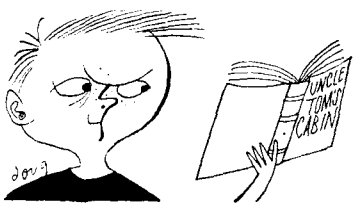
TRADE Winds

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, doughty Prime Minister of Britain in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and *bête noir* of Disraeli, never would have entered the political arena at all if his father had not exerted relentless pressure, according to his latest biographer, Sir Philip Magnus. What Gladstone really wanted to be was a clergyman! Furthermore, claims Sir Philip, Gladstone not only had nothing to do with the Gladstone bag, but probably never heard of it. He *did,* however, invent the postal card. . . . Another absorbing new biography is "The Remarkable Mr. Jerome," by his great-granddaughter, Anita Leslie. Leonard Jerome founded the Jockey Club, raced yachts across the Atlantic, helped launch *The New York Times,* has a park and an avenue named after him in the Bronx, juggled railroads as though they were letters in a Scrabble game, and collected such high fees from famous patients. The title, of course, will be "The Charge of the White Brigade." . . . Charlotte Tattersall writes that there should be room for a bookstore in the town of Sochoppy, Florida. You know, of course, that Sochoppy is located just off U.S. Highway 319, on the direct route from Tallahassee to the metropolis of Apalachicola. . . . The winter social season in the nation's capital is in full swing, and Senator Theodore Green, of Rhode Island, a bachelor still at eighty-six, is a bit confused by it all. Over cocktails at a foreign embassy the other day a writer asked him how many parties he was attending that evening. "Six," confessed the Senator, and pulled out his pocket diary. "Trying to figure out where you're going next?" joshed the writer. "Not at all," replied the Senator. "I'm trying to figure out where I am now!"



***TIME* MAGAZINE,** going in for puns rather heavily of late, captions its review of "Sunset and Evening Star," the sixth and final volume of Sean O'Casey's memoirs, "O'Casey at the Bat." . . . Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom knows a fellow who read one how-to-do-it-yourself book too many. He is now serving a ten-year stretch for counterfeiting. . . . Mike Connolly encountered a kid in Hollywood who subsists entirely on gruesome "comics." He's read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" three times—and still thinks Simon Legree is the hero. . . . Publishers' Row was saddened by the death of two nationally renowned booksellers in recent weeks. In Kansas City, Estelle Schneider (whose "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table" had just been published as a striking dollar "flat") passed away unexpectedly, and, in Hollywood, Stanley Rose, whose main-stem bookshop was the gathering place for years of the film colony's avant garde, came to the end



of a particularly tortuous trail. Rose never came close to realizing his potentialities, but his was the sort of personality that persuaded friends to forgive repeated digressions. One of

SPEAKING OF *The New York Times,* several officials of that admirable institute blew a gasket when H. Englert, the Americana dealer at Greeley, Pennsylvania, who ran an ad in the exchange column of the Sunday Book Review, suddenly mailed in a cancelation. Could it be that his ad had failed to produce results? "Perish the thought," explained Mr. Englert hastily. "We only want the newspaper delivery canceled temporarily. We are getting so much mail from our ad in your paper that we do not have time to read the news for the time being." Plug over. (Aside to Mr. Englert: try *The Saturday Review* some time!) . . . Herb Stein is panting for somebody to write a novel about the Hollywood surgeons who

NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

Once, when we worked in a bookshop, we encountered people who wanted to buy a present for a friend "who didn't read books." This seemed very odd and presented us with a problem. We assume that anyone who reads this column has literate friends. For them we list a few suggestions for Christmas presents. The prices are expensive enough to be impressive; outside and inside, the books justify the extravagance.

After the Hunt, by Alfred Frankenstein ($10.00), started out to be a study of a nineteenth-century American painter and ended up as a sort of detective story. It is not only rousing good reading but gives an excellent picture of nineteenth-century American still-life painting.

Theater Pictorial, by George Altman, Ralph Freud, Kenneth Macgowan, and William Melnitz ($10.00), tells the story of world theater in pictures—from primitive times to the present. The collection of pictures is unusual and fascinating to look at.

The Moscow Kremlin, by Arthur Voyce ($10.00), has nothing to do with politics or world revolution. It is the first book in English to describe the history, architecture, and art treasures of this fantastic structure. It is profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs, many of which are new to the West.

Art and Visual Perception, by Rudolf Arnheim ($10.00), tells what to look for in art—in the light of modern psychology. The book is a scientifically sound and copiously illustrated discussion of the problems of balance, shape, space, light, color, and movement.

More moderately priced but no less handsome and desirable is **The Metamorphoses of Ovid,** a new version in English verse by A. E. Watts ($5.00) and illustrated with the etchings of Pablo Picasso.

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WEEKLY REVIEW

Wherever books and authors are talked about, *The Times Literary Supplement* is talked about too. For more than half a century it has kept its place as the foremost critical weekly in the world. Its aim is to promote learning without pedantry, and liveliness without affectation. It cultivates a fine palate so as to choose not only between good and bad, but between the subtle shades of contemporary writing which lie between extremes.
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them, Eddie Brophy, dedicated this appropriate little poem to his memory:

You were a piece of Hollywood:
a part
Of pleasant times and places,
And fond, remembered faces . . .
Stored, in the attic of my heart.

Good rest, old boy,
The best of joy
Perusing that rare book,
At which we haven't had a look:
The missing page, the lost, immortal rhyme,
Out there, on the other side of time.

Say, hello, to
You know who. . . .
Patience, kid.
Smile.
Just a little while,
An' we'll be seein' you.

P.S. You never fooled me with your cynic's mask,
Shielding the inner strife,
You were a little boy lost. . . .
Lost in the dark of life.

THE BOOK JACKET for "Case File: FBI," a whodunit by Mildred and Gordon Gordon, portrays a blow-up of a fingerprint. This is not any old fingerprint, the authors will have you understand, but an authentic reproduction of the print of an old English professor of Gordon's—the one who told him he'd never make a nickel out of writing. . . . Kathleen Mahaffey, of the University of Texas Press (Kay Sproul, late of *The Saturday Review*, is also prospering there), tells of the time an important professor submitted a painstaking, but decidedly inferior, translation of a lengthy Roman classic. Diplomacy was the order of the day, because the professor had a lot of weight to throw around the campus. Accordingly, Miss

Mahaffey led with, "What a superb, literal translation, Professor! It's a pity, however, that one gets the feeling that the *charm* of the six-volume original is somehow missing." "Oh," said the professor hastily, "I was going to add that later."

GERALD M. DURRELL'S "The Bafut Beagles" (Viking) is a captivating story of the Fon of Bafut, and the astonishing beasts that roam his African kingdom. In Campbell's Book Store, just outside the UCLA campus, the genial proprietor strove mightily to

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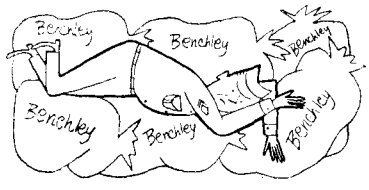
impress a customer with the book's merits. The customer inquired dubiously, "What in the world is a bafut beagle anyhow?" Jean Kelley, stationed nearby, volunteered, "A dog without shoes on." Some Fon, hey kids? . . . Odds-on bet for Number One fiction best seller in the spring: John Marquand's "Sincerely, Willis Wayde." Herman Wouk and Budd Schulberg will be in there pitching, too. . . . In the foreword to "The Benchley Roundup" (Harper), a collection of his father's greatest and funniest pieces, Nathaniel Benchley tells of the time during World War II when an Air Force sergeant barged up to Benchley and announced without preamble, "I don't like your work." It developed that his beef was legitimate. He had hitched a ride from Africa to Italy aboard a cargo plane, and the only available sleeping space had been on bags full of overseas editions of Benchley's books. "By the



time we passed Sicily," said the sergeant, "I was so stiff and sore that I prayed I'd never hear the name Benchley again!"

IN SCRIBNER'S BOOK STORE, John Terres found a copy of Whitney Oates's "The Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers" next to Charles Talbut Onions's "Anglo-Saxon Reader," informed the clerk, "I know my Oates better than my Onions." . . . In the Golden Book Series, Simon & Schuster uncovered a brand-new author for the volume entitled "From Then to Now." He is John Philip Leventhal, ten-year-old son of S. & S. bigwig Al Leventhal, and the fact that the first printing of his opus totaled 520,000 copies hasn't turned his head at all. He's declined invitations to appear on a half-dozen radio and TV programs. Faye Emerson, one of the rejected applicants, opined bitterly, "He's probably holding out for 'Author Meets the Critics'." . . . Norman Krasna's advice to aspiring young authors: "Write a masterpiece. There's always a good market for masterpieces." . . . The publishers of James Michener's "The Floating World," a definitive book about Japanese prints, were completing the advertising plans when a horrified assistant burst into the room screaming, "Do you realize the publication date you've set for that book? *December 7!!*"

The date was hastily changed to December 6. —BENNETT CERF.

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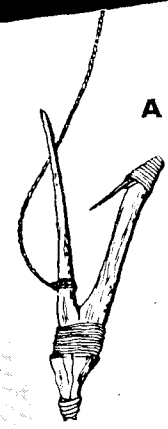
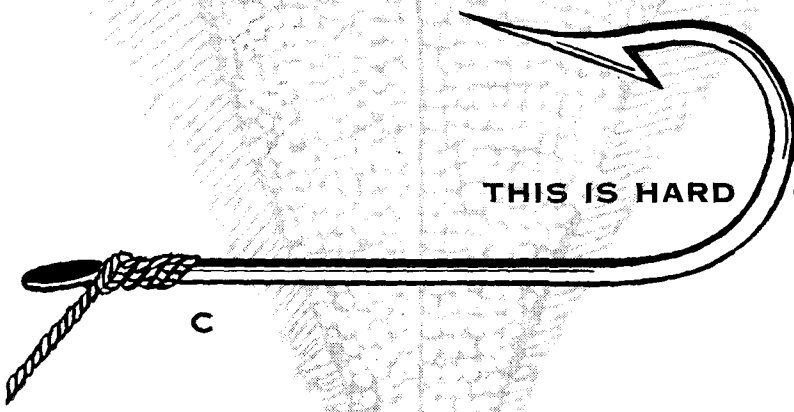
hard on halibut





LONG BEFORE CHRIS COLUMBUS made October 12 famous, North American Indians were hooking halibut with that crude gadget labeled (A). Later, our Pacific Northwest Indians improved it (not, however, from the halibut's viewpoint) by curving it (B). Which led to today's efficient, machine-made halibut hook (C).

THIS IS HARD ON HALIBUT but it helps make things easy on the people who read the article on "Fishery" in World Book Encyclopedia. These pages are lively, interesting, informative, largely because the man most responsible for them is a four-way expert: (1) he owns a Pacific Coast purse seining vessel, (2) he's an expert on fishing of all kinds, (3) he's no amateur as a writer, and (4) he does excellent pen-and-ink drawings. All of which contributed to World Book's story of "Fishery."

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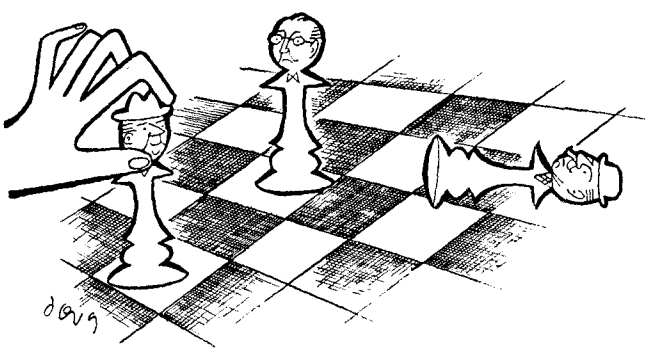
The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 11, 1954

THE JUDGMENT OF THE DIPLOMAT



By A. J. P. TAYLOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: The diplomat serves two masters: the facts as he sees them and the employer (king or electorate) to whom he explains the facts. Recently there has been a great deal of American discussion about how objective the diplomat can afford to be in appraising the facts, and how frank he can afford to be in explaining them to his chief. The cracks in both relationships are the subject of this article by Professor A. J. P. Taylor of Oxford, whose enormously controversial "The Course of German History" (1945) established him as one of the foremost diplomatic historians of the time. These days Professor Taylor is also an English TV-personality. Here his thesis is that "the people" are cleverer than the striped-pants set allows, and the professional diplomats make a lot of trouble for themselves by condescending to the boss.

EVERY diplomatist dreams of independence. In an ideal world, he imagines, he would be pitted against the representative of a rival power as in a game of chess. He would be free to make his moves without anyone at his shoulder, suggesting other moves or even forbidding the moves that he would like to make. Then, he supposes (quite wrongly), he would always win. But this ideal situation has never existed. Not only do spectators comment and interfere. In the diplomatic game of chess the very pieces have a will of their own and rush over the board in unexpected directions. Kings and queens have always insisted that the player of the game is their servant, not the other way round. Bishops announce that they take their orders, not from the player, but from someone who is not in the room at all. Knights develop absurd points of honor. Nowadays, worst of all, the pawns assert the rights of "the common man," and insist on having the moves explained to them before they will move at all, and then often move in quite a different direction. The diplomatic player abuses his pieces, declares that foreign policy is impossible in a democracy, and refuses to accept responsibility for the outcome. He expects to lose; and he remains disgruntled even when he wins.

This is not a new problem. At most, the problem is presented in new terms. No diplomatist has ever enjoyed a completely free hand. Perhaps Richelieu could really do what he liked; but that was in days so far off as to be by now legendary. No other foreign minister could rattle along according to his own inclination. Every royal master had whims of his own—antiquated prejudices, family ties, fragments of knowledge to which he attached exaggerated importance. Which of the old masters could count on getting his own way? Certainly not Talleyrand, whose ideas were constantly overruled by Napoleon. Nor Metternich, who had the greatest difficulty in drawing his emperor Francis into action of any sort. And least of all Bismarck, who admitted that William I caused him more trouble than any foreign power. These great men sometimes cheated their employers; but for the most of their careers they were absolutely dependent on decisions of slow-witted, suspicious monarchs they had to cajole. And yet they succeeded, though not as completely as they liked. If our present-day diplomatists say that foreign policy is impossible in a democracy, that is their fault, not the fault of the people. Diplomatists are the servants of the state. In a democracy they exist to serve the needs of the people; the people do not exist to serve theirs.

Those who conduct foreign policy always resent this. They like to make out that foreign affairs are a mystery; and they really believe it. Diplomatists live in a world apart. They spend much of their time in foreign

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countries; and even at home they move in artificial surroundings. Few of them have experience of ordinary life. Indeed, diplomatists of different countries—even, say, of the United States and Soviet Russia at the present day—have more in common with each other than with other citizens of their own countries. They worry over details of procedure; run after fragments of gossip; and are bewildered by many things which are obvious to the plain citizen. For instance, the ordinary Englishman realized that Hitler was a nasty man when many of our great diplomatists were still trying to appeal to his better nature. The diplomatist wants to deal with foreign affairs as an abstraction, free from principles, emotions, or ideals. This is called "realism," concentrating on "the national interest," and so forth. It is nothing of the sort. The hydrogen-bomb, let us say, is real. But the dislike of the British or American citizen for political intolerance is equally real. Writing off general principles is not realism. It is merely idealism standing on its head. And this, contrary to the diplomatists' belief, is not a position of strength—especially when their heads are not particularly good.

DIPLOMATISTS know more about foreign affairs, and therefore claim to judge them better. Even their superior knowledge is doubtful—they are often surprisingly ill-informed. In any case it is a great mistake to suppose that knowledge of itself brings understanding, still less wisdom. The men who succeed in this world are not those whose heads are stuffed with facts, but those with a native shrewdness and an ability to make the right decision by instinct. The gardener with "green fingers" does better than the man whose shelves are crammed with horticultural books. This is true in business; it is true of the great inventors; it is equally true in the world of states. The people may seem ignorant and narrowminded when taken as individuals. But they possess a collective wisdom which nearly always judges right. If I ever had to direct British foreign policy I would sooner do it after listening to conversations in a public house than on the advice of the experts in our Foreign Office. Democratic assemblies are not all that far removed from the saloon bars. That is their strength. They fail when they try to set themselves up as experts and to deliver a more informed verdict.

The advocates of professional diplomacy will answer that the collective wisdom of the people is a piece of mysticism—like the Holy Alliance, "sound and fury, signifying nothing." I don't think so. After all, the people have a vital stake in the right conduct of foreign affairs. They pay the bills; they fight the wars. If a diplomatist makes a mess of a job he is merely moved to another capital. If the people let things go wrong they get killed, and the taxes go up. They certainly have to bear the responsibility. It is only right that they should make the decisions. In old Europe the budding statesman studied the personal characteristics of the monarch whom he was going to serve. Nowadays the diplomatist is encouraged to despise the people and seeks for tricks by which he can dodge their control. He would do better to find out what sort of foreign policy a democracy wants and then try to translate this into practical terms. The people in their collective wisdom tend to be either much better or much worse than they would be as individuals—usually much better. Democracies have been swept into wars of unprincipled aggression, such as the Spanish-American War of 1898 or the Boer War in 1899. But even then they demanded a moral motive and had to be convinced that they were discharging a civilizing mission. The people can succumb to panic, though not worse than the neurotic panic of William II or Ludendorff in 1918. But they are also capable of a sustained idealism quite beyond any individual ruler; and a foreign policy which refuses to appeal to this idealism will fail.

The great majority of mankind are not dominated by self-interest. Of course they want a decent living for themselves and their families; they want reasonable security and a quiet life. But they are not driven on by an insatiable appetite for power or even for great wealth. The men who have these appetites come to the top as political leaders or as captains of industry. They would find very few willing to change places with them; or rather few willing to pay the price which changing places with them would involve. Therefore, when the people are called upon to sacrifice their quiet life for an active foreign policy or, still more, in war, it is useless appealing to them on grounds of self-interest. This is the very cause which they have rejected unconsciously as the motive for their private lives; they will reject it equally when it is put forward as the basis for foreign policy. When George Kennan writes that "our national interest is all that we are really capable of knowing and understanding," or when Hans Morgenthau calls his book "In Defense of the National Interest," they strike the one note which alienates democratic opinion. Let the people get it into their heads that a policy is selfish and they will not follow it. There was perhaps a case in terms of profit-and-loss for holding the Persian oil-fields and the refinery at

(*Continued on page* 54)

A + 9, H + 1

By Charles Norman

NOW that everything has been praised—
The poems, the plays; the issues defended
That need never have been raised—
The friends, who need not have been befriended;

What is there left to say or to do?
I dwell between belief and doubt,
As one who seeks the truth, like you,
Not fearing now to find it out.

Nothing contents us, and alone
We play physician to strange ills,
Trapped in this steep maze of stone
Where houses grin from windowsills.

We have worn out the world at last,
And needs must ruin or resent;
Bronze and marble thronged the past,
But tumbled stone shall be our monument.

Take me to your heart, as close as care;
The old year tatters to snow, the new
Stands wraithlike in the fields of air,
Massing the azure days—many or few?

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PEACE OF MIND

By WARREN WEAVER, *mathematician and teacher, has been director of the division of natural sciences of the Rockefeller Foundation since 1932.*

THIS has been a long time coming to a head. Some years ago I started to read Joshua Liebman's book "Peace of Mind." It irritated me so that I abandoned it after two or three chapters. I was so upset that the mere mention of peace of mind would stimulate my adrenals and cause me to flail about with all the logical and ethical quarterstaves at my disposal.

Then a year or two ago I heard a sermon on this same topic; and I was thus reminded that this strange doctrine is still being preached. Indeed, I am forced to believe that it is gaining ground. For within the last weeks I have been looking at Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking." That word "positive" sounded good to me. But since books of this general type usually prove to be too weak medicine for me to want a very big dose, I scanned the table of contents, and picked out Chapter 2—"A Peaceful Mind Generates Power."

I hadn't gone very far before I hit sentences like these: "The life of inner peace, being harmonious and without stress, is the easiest type of existence." (Is *that* what we want. Dr. Peale, the *easiest* type of existence?) Or: "A primary method for gaining a mind full of peace is to practise emptying the mind" (you do it by going to sea and throwing your worries, one at a time, off the ship's stern like bits of garbage.)

I couldn't quite stick this, so I dipped briefly into Chapter 14, "Relax for Easy Power." Here I found: "One of the simplest methods for reducing tension is to practise the easy-does-it attitude." There Dr. Peale and I parted company. I just don't think easy does it.

I regret the fact, which I think is wholly accidental, that both of these authors are religious leaders. I regret this because I deeply believe in religion and belong to the school which tries to practise it, even to the extent of going regularly to church. I also regret this for superficial tactical reasons, for when one criticizes a couple of popular clergymen he is certainly spitting into a high wind.

I am also aware of the fact that I am very possibly being unfair to these books by Rabbi Liebman and the Reverend Mr. Peale. I have read very little of either of them. I am sure that Mr. Liebman was and Dr. Peale is a wise and good man, and that both books were written in a genuine desire to help people. I realize that there is such a thing as a neurotic inner discontent which keeps its victim from having a healthy and happy wrestle with external problems. And I am quite willing to concede that these authors may have intended only to allay those internalized miseries which are irrelevant to reality, so as to free men's energies for the stirring aspects of the real world. There may be thousands upon thousands of persons who seem to profit by this sort of advice. Indeed, as I write this Dr. Peale is at the head of the best-seller list, and has been on that list for 110 weeks. All I am saying is that this kind of advice doesn't soothe me; and that, besides, I don't want to be soothed.

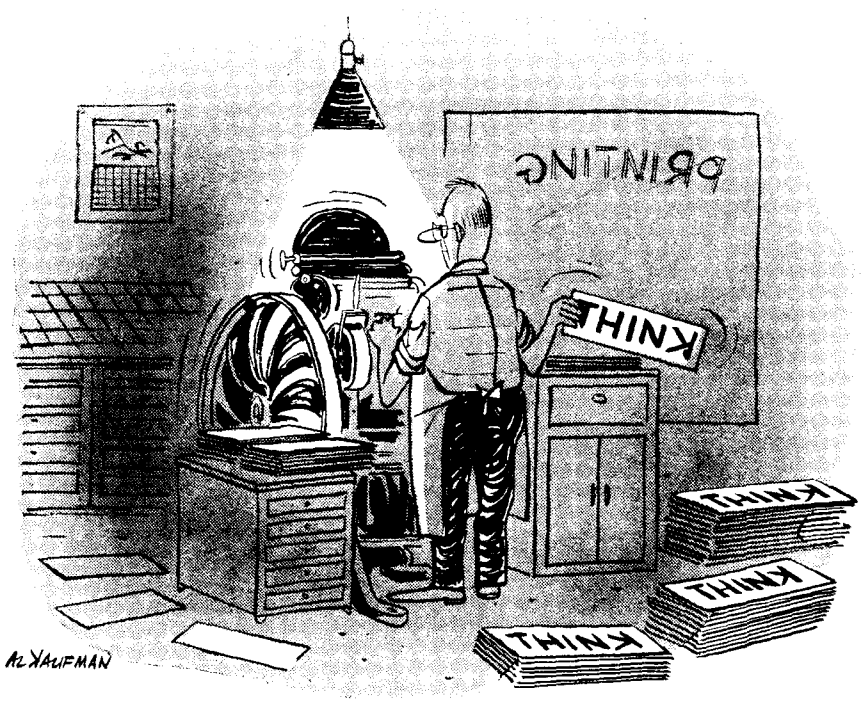
I do seriously think that this easy-does-it movement has gone too far. These men make peace of mind sound too good. Worse still, they attract a whole set of pallid imitations, which lack the scholarship and decency of men like Rabbi Liebman and Dr. Peale, and just turn out cheap literary sedatives. Some of these must at the very least bring large chunks of financial peace to the authors.

This "How to Be at Peace" gimmick seems to me part of a general lazy movement which we find urged on us from all sides. "How to Know Literature" (without reading books); "How to Speak Foreign Languages" (without studying); "How to Grow Thin" (without dieting). The "How to Be Happy" ones seem to me particularly objectionable. When will someone put out a book entitled "Twenty Sure-Fire Rules for Being Happy?" Rule One would be: "Get busy doing something. Preferably something significant and useful—but *something*. Work like hell at it." Rule Two would be: "Forget about your happiness, and forget about all the rest of the rules." Rules Three to Twenty: ditto.

Before there is chance for confusion on one basic point, may I make it at once clear that the topic under discussion here is certainly not political peace, the alternative to which is warfare in the direct and awful sense of killing human beings. In opposing peace of mind, and in pointing out the vapidity of certain other aspects of the general concept of peace, I surely am not defending any aspect whatsoever of the wicked and stupid business of war.

Well, let's take a little look at this

(*Continued on page* 49)



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THE AUTHOR: To Guy Murchie, the sky is pretty much what Walden Pond was to Thoreau. Much has he traveled in it. Murchie, a star-gazing, forty-seven-year-old, six-foot-six stretch of adventurous Bostonian, first began flying back in 1936 when he slipped away one day from his reporter's desk at the *Chicago Tribune*, dashed twenty miles to Stinson Airport, climbed into a tiny Aeronca, and took off. He managed to make it down on all three points, too. Over the last couple of decades Murchie has spent a good deal of time in the wild blue yonder, as they say: during part of the war he was a navigator with the Air Transport Command; more recently he flew the Korean air lift between San Francisco and Tokyo. During the last ten years Murchie has split his time unevenly between writing his book and running a camp: nine months or so of each year went into "Song of the Sky," the remaining months into Apple Hill, East Sullivan, N. H. Murchie, a Harvard '29 man (he was aboard an Army transport working his way around the world the morning they gave out the diplomas in the Yard), is fond of talking about his book, his camp, and his wife, which he did the other day. "I spent ten years on the book," he began. "It started out as a novel, but Houghton Mifflin wasn't exactly crazy about the dialogue. They went for the sky description, however, so they gave me a contract. That was around the time I was working as a farm hand in Belchertown, Mass. Lots of hens and cows. Got up at 5 A.M. Camps interested me, though. With hens you have to wait until they lay an egg. Kids—they pay in advance and they go home in September. You have plenty of time to write. Anyway, I needed help for the camp in those early days, and one day I answered an ad in the personals columns of *The Saturday Review*: 'Industrious young woman wants job taking care of kids.' I hired her. I also married her. Right now, I'm getting together a book on the stuff I had left over from this one. 'Song of the Sky' is mostly about flight, navigation, and weather. My next one will be about space, astronomy, etcetera." —BERNARD KALB.

THE AIR AROUND US

The Wild Blue Yonder

"Song of the Sky," by Guy Murchie *(Houghton Mifflin. 438 pp. $5), is an airplane navigator's exposition of his job and the lore and legend of the air around us. Daniel B. Dodson of the English department of Columbia University, who reviews it here, was a bomber pilot in World War II; recently he has contributed fiction to* Story *and* Esquire.

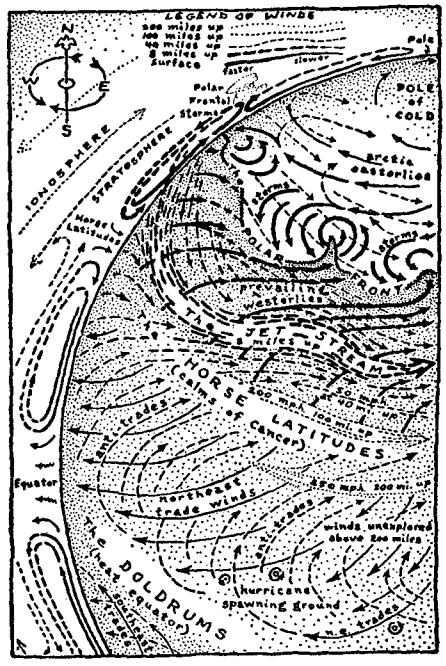
By Daniel B. Dodson

THERE is a breed of men who go to action in search of philosophy and return with poetry—Raleigh, Sydney, Byron, T. E. Lawrence, Saint-Exupéry, and Malraux to name a few. Before December 1903 their scope of action was restricted to sea and land; after the successful experiments at Kitty Hawk they went aloft to find a new dimension in the ocean of the sky. It is not a paradox that these returning poet-soldiers sometimes speak with the inflections of the mystic: the stress of action produces greater awareness in men.

In "Song of the Sky" Guy Murchie has developed an immense awareness. After two years in Europe as a war correspondent during the Battle of Britain he served as a navigation-instructor in the newly organized Air Transport Command, and at the end of 1943 as a navigator began making the long, lonely, and perilous flights across the North Atlantic carrying high-priority cargo to England. "Song of the Sky" takes the reader across on such a flight and on fragments of other flights. We are carried along in the great whalelike carcass of the C-54; the engineer and radio operator are flaked out in snug berths, and, inevitably, one, perhaps both of the pilots are dozing (an aggrieved and romantic contention of every aerial navigator who ever lifted an octant); the navigator in the meanwhile is desperately occupied with the elaborate paraphernalia of his profession, dealing with vast intangibles of wind, weather, and distances which have the frightening potential of becoming mortally tangible.

There is no doubt that the navigator's job requires all the skill, the calm, and the industry which Mr. Murchie so dramatically describes. Taking a three-point fix at altitudes of twenty to twenty-five thousand feet, standing on a stool to hold the octant up in an astrodome (which may be frosted), subject to the whimsical lurch of the airplane, removing the oxygen mask to do the shooting (at that altitude night-vision is immediately decreased by over one-half, and a semi-conscious euphoria sets in within minutes), and then scurrying back to the navigator's table to find out where, within five or ten miles, you were when you took the fix all requires physical and spiritual fortitude of an uncommon variety.

But this is only the framework of "Song of the Sky." Mr. Murchie has probed much deeper to describe in language which the layman can understand and admire the art of navigation and the elements in which the flier deals. He has gathered a vast amount of historical and scientific information and has presented it, in the best sense of the word, with scholarly care. But make no mistake, this information is fascinating and tantalizing. How did the Greeks or Phoenicians or Vikings or Polynesians find their way over uncharted seas? How much navigational equipment did Columbus have aboard the *Santa Maria*? What are the flying and



The winds and the . . .

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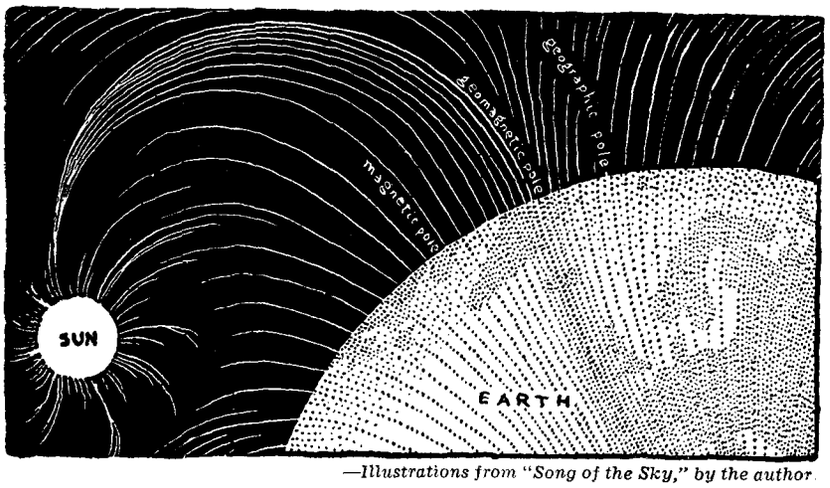
navigating characteristics of certain birds, and what mysteries occur at Mach 1? Of particular interest to readers on the Atlantic seaboard, still suffering from the wantonness of Hazel and her precedent sisters, will be the detailed chapters on weather, clouds, tornadoes, and hurricanes, their genesis and development.

GENEROUS use of anecdote dramatizes the forces which Mr. Murchie is describing: the appalling potential and mischievous conduct of lightning and the unpredictability of the tornado. Perhaps the most exotic of these yarns is the account of Sergeant-gunner Alkamade of the RAF, who had to step out of his burning Lancaster bomber sans parachute at 18,000 feet over Germany. He woke up the next morning in a snow field and walked into the next village to surrender to the understandably dubious constabulary.

"Song of the Sky" tells of the essence of flight, from the sententious liturgy of the intercom to the hopeless sensation of watching rime ice build up its lethal distortion on the leading edge of the wing—over deicing boots which refuse to function. And that most important of realizations comes through: flight is compromise, a calm, judicial compromise between opposing forces.

There are speculations which will exercise the imagination of some and repel others. Is it possible, Mr. Murchie wants us to consider, that the Coriolis force has subconsciously induced a counter-clockwise civilization, thus a right-handed society in the Northern Hemisphere? Under the stress of such questionings, it must be admitted, regretfully, that Mr. Murchie often strains more than credibility. One can cavil and wish that he had applied more discipline to his metaphors: as example, to describe the birth of snow, in more than one

(*Continued on page* 57)



—*Illustrations from "Song of the Sky," by the author*

. . . magnetic lines of Earth—"a new dimension in the ocean of the sky."

IDEAS IN OUR TIME

Byways of Conservatism

"Road to the Right," by Gordon Harrison *(William Morrow. 342 pp. $4.50), is an analysis of the tradition and the potentialities of conservatism in America. Here it is reviewed by John A. Garraty, associate professor of history at Michigan State College and author of a life of Henry Cabot Lodge.*

By John A. Garraty

SIX YEARS ago, in "The American Political Tradition," Richard Hofstadter examined the political philosophies of a galaxy of Presidents and politicians from the Founding Fathers to Franklin Roosevelt. Writing in the age of Truman's "do-nothing" Eightieth Congress, when party lines seemed meaningless and leadership had been replaced by wrangling, he was impressed by the essential similarity of all American politicians, their universal acceptance of "the economic virtues of capitalist culture as necessary qualities of man." Burrowing beneath partisan exaggerations to the "shared convictions" of his subjects, he gave expression to the frustrations of liberals in the postwar world, who felt the need for a new ideology but could find neither the philosopher to formulate it nor the statesman to set it in motion.

In the years since 1948 the nation has tried Truman's Fair Deal and marched on Eisenhower's Great Crusade without significantly altering its underlying political assumptions. In fact, it seems to have abandoned the search for newness and made a virtue of accepting the traditional way as the only way. Books like Russell Kirk's "The Conservative Mind" have pointed up the values of the conservative philosophy, and historians like Allan Nevins and Edward N. Saveth have reexamined the effects of unrestrained nineteenth-century capitalism on national development, emphasizing the benefits it bestowed rather than the harm it produced. Now, in "Road to the Right," Gordon Harrison attempts an analysis of conservative politics in American history, which, he says, is chiefly "the political performance of American business."

This, of course, involves a denial of the homogeneity that Hofstadter found in American politics, because it is based on the premise that conservative politics was not the same as liberal. On its face this seems reasonable enough, for Hofstadter carried his argument too far. But Harrison actually adds much strength to Hofstadter's thesis, because his dichotomizations lead him into many inconsistencies.

Political conservatism, he argues, is more an attitude of mind than a practical program. It seeks to protect property, resist change, prevent the domination of government by transient, thoughtless majorities. It is anchored to certain enduring ideals (just those which Hofstadter claimed to be universal) and is absorbed in administering the government efficiently, rather than in changing its structure and function.

BUT when Harrison attempts to prove these generalizations he runs into trouble. Conservatives resist change. Theodore Roosevelt's reforms, therefore, were aimed only at preserving the system against really basic change, for T. R. was a conservative. Yet Harrison calls Franklin Roosevelt a liberal. Were *his* reforms designed to destroy the capitalistic system? Few historians would say so. Again; conservatives, bent on thwarting the hasty judgments of fickle majorities, place emphasis on checks and balances in government, such as the courts and the executive veto. Therefore the Republican Party after the Civil War was not a conservative party, because it attempted to establish the supremacy of the legislature. But what political group in our history was more concerned with the rights of property? And have not

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"liberals" from Jefferson to Franklin Roosevelt been concerned with the problem of the irresponsible mob?

What seems the most serious weakness in Mr. Harrison's book is this: he attempts to give the dignity of a reasoned philosophy to a political conservatism that he repeatedly admits has been dominated by selfish opportunism. Nowhere is the nonsense of this more clear than in his treatment of the Whigs. After repeatedly pointing out that the party was unified only by hatred of Jackson and the desire for office, after admitting that "in Pennsylvania the paths to Whiggery were unusually devious," that Southern Whigs "tended to weave in and out" of the party on the basis of local issues and "their calculus of present political advantage," and that "Western Whigs formed the least coherent wing of the party," he can still conclude:

> For all their divisions and differences they had and fully recognized a unity of spirit which they called conservatism. Although in the scramble for office they tempered and often betrayed that spirit, they never wholly lost it.

How much easier to explain Whiggery in terms of the Log Cabin and Hard Cider cynicism of 1840! How much simpler to write off the conservative's concern for limited government as the perennial resistance of the "outs" to the exercise of power by the "ins"!

Finally, Mr. Harrison exhibits a remarkable complacency about the soundness of the modern conservative position. The present, he writes, "finds conservatism constitutionally secure, politically able, economically homogeneous, and fully instructed in the facts of democratic life in this century." If only McCarthy, Jenner, Dirksen and all the other modern-day "liberals" would see the light the millennium would indeed be here.

—*Harris & Ewing.*

Alan Valentine—"... does not wail, scream."

Evils of Egalitarianism

"The Age of Conformity," by Alan Valentine *(Henry Regnery. 179 pp. $3), is an examination of the forces that are said to be making this the era of the common man. William Barrett, who reviews it here, is associate editor of the* Partisan Review.

By William Barrett

CONFORMITY may very well become the central social problem of this age, and for those Americans who feel a little smugly on this issue—the wind certainly seems to have been blowing that way in certain quarters—no more sobering antidote can be offered than Alan Valentine's brief but very tightly-packed book, "The Age of Conformity."

"Sober" seems somehow the right word for Mr. Valentine, who is here attempting the difficult part of the prophet-critic but without that tone of hysterical reproach that has lent some gaudy rhetorical fireworks to some of our more bitter Jeremiahs but also usually compromises the accuser along with the accused. Mr. Valentine does not wail, scream, beat his breast, or otherwise tear the prophetic role to tatters: he simply puts together in quiet fashion all the signs he sees of a dangerous drift in American life away from standards of excellence in politics, morals, and culture, and the portrait is all the more disturbing for its sobriety. Having occupied important posts in government, business, and education—he was for fifteen years president of the University of Rochester—he has had an unusual opportunity of seeing American life from a number of different angles, and from this book it is clear that he sees the object steadily and sees it whole.

True, he deals here only with the darker and shadier areas of our national life, but even the most purblind of our patriots cannot shirk these problems forever if American democracy is to move toward a brighter future.

The drift toward conformity is not a mere moral lapse on the part of Americans today; rather, it flows out of three powerful forces driving toward mass society all over the world: (1) the economic trend toward highly industrialized and urbanized society; (2) the political trend toward direct and centralized government; (3) the social trend toward the acceptance only of popular standards of culture. Under the steam-rolling pressure of these forces, according to Mr. Valentine, the quality of American life—on all levels, personal, political, cultural—has been flattened out, and in the last decade deteriorated markedly.

The idea of democracy is sometimes thought erroneously to be the glorification of the Common Man. But Thomas Jefferson, the American father of the democratic idea, extolled the *capacities* of the common man, not his achievements, underlining thereby the necessity of education, discipline, and leadership if these capacities are to be realized. Only with the Jacksonian revolution in the 1830s, Mr. Valentine claims, does the common man become praised at the expense of the uncommon man, the vulgar at the expense of the refined, the know-nothing at the expense of the egghead. (Mr. Valentine, by the way, does not speak for either party, and Democrats as well as Republicans suffer the whiplash of his criticism.)

OBVIOUSLY, there is nothing new in these details of Mr. Valentine's indictment of American life. There could hardly be on a subject that has been so thoroughly scoured and picked apart by this time by journalists, sociologists, pundits, and assorted visiting firemen from foreign shores. Mr. Valentine's contribution—and it is a valuable one—is to have put all these nagging details into a rounder and larger perspective, and he is able to do this chiefly because his approach to the problem is constructive: he is not complaining in order to hear his own voice rise a shrill octave or two, but *in order to* ask honestly what can be done.

Where is the remedy? How can we halt this mass drift toward conformity? Since we are committed to democracy, Mr. Valentine holds, the solution we are to look for has to be a democratic one: the people themselves must decide what their democracy is to mean and what their freedom is to be used for. Once and for all, it must be realized that equal opportunity does not mean equal capacity, and that elite groups, democratically recruited from the whole body of society, must be given their proper place and prestige in American life. Otherwise our democracy is bound to sink further and deeper into the swamp of human mediocrity.

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A Great American's Credo

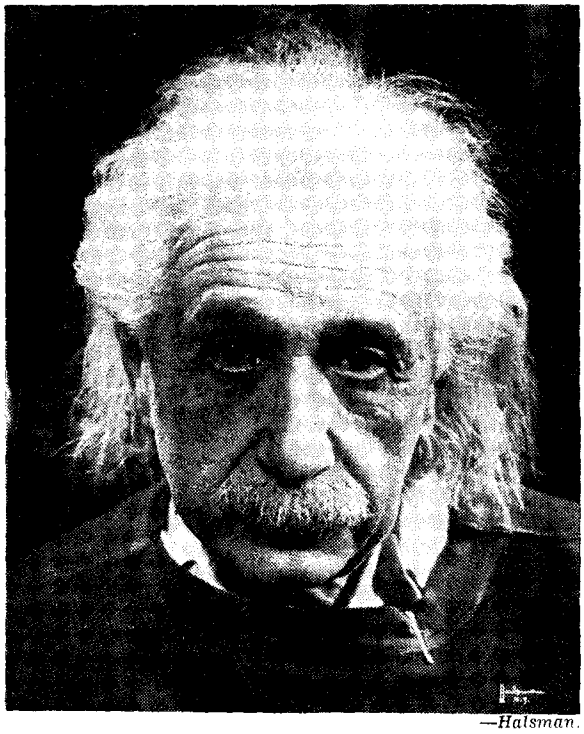
"Ideas and Opinions," by Albert Einstein *(Crown Publishers, 377 pp. $4), brings together a number of papers on public matters written by the foremost scientist-philosopher of our time. Below it is reviewed by Paul A. Schilpp, professor of philosophy at Northwestern University, editor of "Albert Einstein: Philosopher-Scientist" in The Library of Living Philosopher Series.*

By Paul A. Schilpp

IT IS doubtful whether any scientist in the history of mankind has ever reached the degree of adulation by the people at large during his own lifetime which has been accorded to Albert Einstein. Any new collection of his writings therefore is bound to be an event.

In "Ideas and Opinions" the publishers have aimed to bring together what they considered to be the most important of Einstein's "general writings," many of which have already appeared in three earlier collections published for the English reading public. But they have added other Einsteinian pieces which have not previously appeared in book form at all. Like its three predecessors, "Ideas and Opinions" contains a number of articles (twenty-one, in fact) in Einstein's primary field of natural science. But the papers included in this section are not those upon which Einstein's scientific fame primarily rests. Rather they are discussions written for the comprehension of the ordinary reader who is not an expert in theoretical physics. Considering the aim of the present volume, one should not find fault with this selection.

But Einstein is, of course, far more than the world's most renowned physical scientist. Especially since the death of Gandhi (and the exceedingly rare entering of Albert Schweitzer into public discussion), Einstein has increasingly become the conscience of mankind, albeit entirely unintentionally on his part. Einstein is not merely the man who, early in World War II, sent that famous letter to President Roosevelt which started the American Government on the path to the splitting of the atom and to the creation of the atom bomb: but he is also the scientist who, ever since the conclusion of the shooting war, has not merely unceasingly warned against the unprovoked use of such weapons of mass-destruction, but has, in fact, pleaded with any who would listen to him to get America and the nations of the world to abjure any use of such weapons and to place atomic control in the hands of a supranational organization. It was Einstein who felt that no cost dared be spared to defeat Hitler and Fascist totalitarianism, but who at the same time abhors militarism whenever and wherever it may raise its ugly head. It was Einstein who, like many of his fellow-Jews, had to flee from the terrors of Nazi Germany to seek refuge in free, democratic America, but who also has had to live to see similar methods initiated and employed in "the land of the free" to remind him that the totalitarian appeal is, unfortunately, not limited to the goose-stepping German. In fact, he has had to see the director of the world's most famous post-graduate research institute—where Einstein himself has been working for the past twenty-one years—disbarred from access to the United States Government's classified information, despite the admission of Dr. Oppenheimer's unquestioned loyalty to the USA unanimously affirmed by all the members of the board which passed on his qualification.



—Halsman.

Einstein "the conscience of mankind."

If the increasing encroachments upon freedom of research, of teaching, and of public expression are a cause of growing concern to many scholars and scientists in America, what must they mean and portend to a man who, like Einstein, has lived through such a process of hindrance and intimidation once before, but who lived to see the final tragic upshot and results of such wanton interference with the freedom of the human spirit.

IT IS not surprising, moreover, that the man who, next to science, has devoted most of his life and efforts to the achievement of peace on earth, should today find himself accused by our demagogues of "fellow-travelling." For, under the impact of our nationwide fear-psychosis which has followed on the heels of World War II, it is the epithet "peace-monger" which has replaced the opprobrium formerly attached to the war-mongers. Einstein refuses to let himself be deterred by this unsavory public.

In a United Nations interview, for the first time reprinted in this book, Einstein answers the question: "What can a private individual do about war or peace?" as follows:

> Individuals can cause anyone who tries to be elected . . . to give clear promise to work for international order and restriction of national sovereignty. . . . Everybody is involved in forming public opinion . . . and he must have the courage to speak out. . . .
>
> . . . I would believe that Gandhi's views were the most enlightened of all. . . . We should strive to do things in his spirit . . . not to use violence in fighting for our cause, but by non-participation in what we believe is evil.

Has the world ever before harbored a first-rate scientist who at the same time has also been prophet, moralist, reformer, and saint? "Ideas and Opinions" will leave no doubt in any honest reader's mind as to where this great American stands on most of the burning issues of our fateful times.

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Dream Trips Into Twilight

"The Visionary Novels of George Macdonald," edited by Anne Fremantle *(Noonday Press. 434 pp. $5), brings together between the covers of a single volume two remarkable fantasy novels, "Lilith" and "Phantastes," written nearly a century ago.*

By Harrison Smith

TWENTIETH-CENTURY science fiction, based on the mechanical marvels of space ships voyaging through the universe toward the conquest of galeactic spheres, has become so repetitive and technical that it has been forced to embrace tales of sheer fantasy, often based on the limitless horizons of the subconscious mind and the dream. Unfortunately, the writers of fantasy today cannot equal the creative talents of several almost forgotten novelists of the past century, among them Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, an Irish master of the supernatural, and George Macdonald, a clergyman who produced six sons and five daughters and some fifty volumes of fiction, verse, children's stories, and sermons. He had the features and long white beard of the prophet; and when he died at eighty-one he was already forgotten except for a children's book, "At the Back of the North Wind."

It is strange that almost a century later his two fantasy novels, condemned by the critics of his own generation as a weakness to which he had too often yielded, should now be revived in this astounding book. The unsuspecting reader, lured by the magic of his prose and his vaulting imagination, will soon find himself overwhelmed, relentlessly sinking into the weird twilight in which there are no limits between heaven and hell, where nothing seems real except the dream itself in which the superhuman and the subhuman meet. But neither "Lilith" nor "Phantastes" are horror stories, written to stun and shock. They are steeped in ancient legends of good and evil, of Adam and Eve and Lilith, a pagan and evil goddess who has mysteriously attached herself to Christian mythology as Adam's first wife.

Both novels are dream voyages, out of the nowhere into the where, without any clear plot, but nevertheless travel through enchanting or utterly terrifying landscape. Mr. Vane of the first novel leaves the ancient house which has been bequeathed to him and steps into another world, led by a raven which at times becomes a man, and at the end Adam himself. His journey takes him into a charnal house, to an evil wood where there are brutal giants and tiny, loving children who refuse to grow up, and from there into a desert land lighted at night by many moons, and a city of fear and horror, ruled by an evil princess who can assume the form of a spotted leopard and who is accompanied by a beast who destroys newborn babies. Mr. Vane falls asleep in the ruined hall of an ancient castle, covered with clouds of flowering foliage. When he awakes he is surrounded by a crowd of elegantly-clad dancing men and women. Suddenly the moon shines upon faces that are "skull fronts—hard, gleaming bone, bare jaws, truncated noses, grinning teeth. Some flashed set and white and murderous, others were clouded with decay. Fearfuller yet, the eye-sockets were not empty; in each was a lidless, living eye." This the very essence of the dream in which pleasure yields in an instant to horror. He flees from the macabre scene and comes upon the wasted and apparently dead body of a once beautiful woman, pulseless and breathless. He brings her back to life and will not flee from her even when he discovers that at night she drinks his blood.

BUT in "Phantastes," which in many ways repeats the same theme, the fantastic chambers, the landscapes, the weird animals, and the human creatures are not all evil. The nightmare often becomes the ecstasy of the dreamer. "We came to the fearful hollow where once had wallowed the monsters of the earth; it was indeed, as I beheld it in my dream, a lovely lake. A whirlpool had swept out the soil in which the abortions burrowed, and at the bottom lay visible the whole horrid brood: a dim greenish light pervaded the crystalline water and revealed every hideous form beneath it. Not one of them moved as we passed. But they were not dead."

In an admirable preface W. H. Auden writes, "In comparison with the novelist of our social life the novelist of dream life is freer in his choice of events but more restricted in his choice of characters, for the latter must be variations of a few 'archetypes'." He adds that Macdonald's greatest gift is his dream realism. "The reader's illusion of participating in a real dream is perfect. Nobody can describe better that curious experience of dreaming that one is awake." Nevertheless, the reader of "The Visionary Novels of George Macdonald" may feel that madness lies in this fourth dimension of the mind and that the venerable, bearded clergyman who thundered Christian doctrines in the pulpit on Sundays had more than a touch of it beneath his lofty brow and calm features.

—Jacket designs from the book.

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Notes

REMEMBERED ROMANCE: The ingenuously graceful little novel **"Muses Three,"** by Terence Kennedy (Roy, $2.75), takes us into the collective memories of three ancient coquettes now living in Paris, whose fierce rivalry with each other is as lively over their present competition for dancing pupils as it once was in the glorious days in St. Petersburg, when they were all prima ballerinas, and all fought tooth and nail over the attentions of the handsomest young officer in the Czar's army. An unblushingly romantic world of champagne suppers, gouty grand-dukes, and brilliant opening nights is evoked as these three rather brave and pathetic old souls shut out the drab winter of their present existence and warm themselves before the glowing ashes of a burnt-out era that seemed to them to have more room for selfish, irresponsible, fiery beauty than today's times will allow.

Their story, quickly and lightly sketched in, has a tinseled charm and unabashed sentimentality about it that remind one of those tales which, read aloud uncritically each December, contribute to the haze of amiable mellowness and fuzzy good-will with which we ritually invest the Yule season. Our heroines, however, respond to their various lovers with perhaps a bit too much amiability and goodwill for the book to be a suitable gift to slip into the kiddies' stockings. It is illustrated by drawings by Alma K. Lee. —JEROME STONE.

TWO RASCALS FROM ALABAM': The kinfolks of Claudie about whom Dillon Anderson is telling in **"Claudie's Kinfolks"** (Little, Brown, $3.75) are Alabamans who have long gone to Texas, where wealth abounds. By now, it seems, they should be rich enough to be plucked by cleverer persons who had sharpened their wits by staying in Alabama, where riches are harder to come by. With this in mind Clint and Claudie, who have admirably fulfilled the Alabama test, set out to pluck them. These kinfolks are well worth looking up as far as the reader is concerned. There is, above all, dear Auntie, who is the relict of an Osage Indian. She writes that she is not long for this world and wants to leave her fortune to deserving relatives, provided they are both righteous and prominent. How Claudie is billed as a man of distinction, how he and Clint travel irresponsibly through Texas in a trailer, how these itinerants then meet some momentary disappointments is the drollery of Mr. Anderson's tale. Fortunately, it is unforced humor, for

—*Ronlade Studio.*

Dillon Anderson—"unforced humor."

Mr. Anderson writes sympathetically, even a little enviously of situations involving a small-time rogue and his stooge. As almost everybody knows, Mr. Anderson is a member of the legal firm of Baker, Botts, *et al.*, and the director of many corporations. But Clint, the central character in his book, is Mr. Anderson's exact opposite—a fact that seems to make even Mr. Anderson enjoy his Walter Mitty-in-reverse adventures.

—W. H. KITTRELL.

TEST OF GOD: Some works are big enough to afford faults, a fact notably true of Maria Ley-Piscator's **"Lot's Wife"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95), a novel surging with pageantry, conflicts, and creative forces. Mrs. Piscator's theme is man's effort to emerge from the beast and to be a creature of moral choice, free will, and individuality. Through her characters she plies this theme. She writes of Abram, the man of God; of Lot's wife, a woman in whom the beast compels her to test God; of Lot, who is torn between the God of Abraham and of Sodom. There is also Bera, the hypnotically mad king of Sodom, who knows that the greatest lust is in the mind and says, "I offer you the lust of the mind, the revelations of the only spirit whose depths we can never reach: the spirit of evil." In the end, of course, the Biblical story unfolds as the pageantry sweeps from Tyre to Egypt to Sodom, with austere interludes in the desert, and Lot's wife learns that "the Word was true: Abraham's word . . . God's word." The characterizations are heroic—slightly larger than life, but true in scale. It seems as if Mrs. Piscator has caught up into her hands so great and fluid a mass of material that some of it has escaped between her fingers. Her statement about the life of man, which carries impressive force at its best, occasionally falters, blurs, and becomes less than coherent in cryptic, symbolic patterns. Yet, only a few writers could match the positive side of her accomplishment.

—EDMUND FULLER.

TROUBLED NOVELIST: Of necessity, John Bell Clayton's **"Walk Toward the Rainbow"** (Macmillan, $3.75) is an unhappy book: its two principal characters are unhappy—and abnormal—people. It also has a basic fault: it is a novel about a novelist. The novelist in the novel is beset by adolescent guilt, alcoholism, and, as if these were not enough, by an addiction for barbiturates. In this condition he flees from his broken home, ends up in a rooming house, and almost ends his life with an overdose of seconal; *but* he is saved by a man who is a liar, a fraud, and a killer. How all this takes place is told through the eyes of a psychiatrist who reveals the hero's childhood traumas, heralds the meaning of what is happening in the present, and, unfortunately, has no effect upon the course of the story. So that when Gilbert, the novelist, meets and falls in love with an understanding woman it is just lucky that his killer friend kills himself instead of Gilbert and leaves the novelist and the understanding woman to live, presumably, happily ever after. John Bell Clayton is a deft and able professional who has proved himself in his "Six Angels at My Back," and his account of the novelist's attempt to hold himself together with seconal is vivid and real and frightening. One suspects, however, that he would have done better to keep the novelist out of

(*Continued on page* 52)

—*Erich Hartmann.*

John Bell Clayton—"vivid and real."

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Saga of "Little Sure Shot"

"Annie Oakley of the Wild West," by Walter Havighurst *(Macmillan. 246 pp. $4.50), tells the life story of the attractive markswoman whose accurate aim linked her name to the perforated complimentary ticket. Here it is reviewed by Herbert Asbury, author of "The Barbary Coast" and other books.*

By Herbert Asbury

ANNIE OAKLEY was a cute little trick who stood a shade under five feet and weighed less than a hundred pounds in her shooting costume of buckskin jacket, short pleated skirt, canvas leggings, and a hat with a single silver star pinned to the upturned brim. She seemed scarcely big enough to hold a gun, but her exploits with rifle, shotgun, and revolver were little short of miraculous. She was unquestionably the best markswoman that ever lived, and there have been few, if any, men who could equal her in handling firearms. Complimentary tickets, with holes punched in them, are still called Annie Oakleys in tribute to her skill. She is one of America's favorite heroines, and in his fine and interesting book, "Annie Oakley of the Wild West," Walter Havighurst has done full justice to her story. For good measure he has included an account of Buffalo Bill's famous Wild West Show, in which "Missie," as Cody called her, was a star for seventeen years; with it she traveled 170,000 miles in America and Europe, and missed only four performances.

Annie was born on a small farm in Darke County, Ohio, and her real name was Moses, which she pronounced Mozee. The "Oakley" came from a Cincinnati subdivision, and she adopted it as her professional name because she thought it was pretty. She never learned to read and write until she was sixteen years old and married, but she was shooting almost as soon as she could walk; her first gun was an old cap-and-ball rifle which her grandfather had brought from Pennsylvania. By the time she was twelve she was shooting pigeon, quail, grouse, and squirrel for the Cincinnati market, and with her rifle paid off the mortgage on the family farm. She got better than usual prices for her birds, and the hotels and restaurants liked to serve them because, as a Cincinnati innkeeper put it, "we don't have customers spitting out bird shot." All of little Annie Mozee's game was shot in the head.

When she was fifteen years old Annie went to visit her sister in Cincinnati, the first time she had ever been away from the Darke County farm. After she had created something of a sensation at a shooting gallery she was matched with Frank Butler, a big, fine-looking man ten years her senior, and a professional marksman who was regarded as one of the best shots in the country. Annie won the match, and she also won Frank Butler; within a year they were married. They lived happily together for fifty years, and when Annie died in November 1926 Butler survived her only twenty days. Butler taught Annie to read and write, and with constant practice she improved her shooting; more than anyone else has ever done she approached perfection. Two years after they were married Butler and Annie were appearing in vaudeville and variety halls, and four years later Annie had become a star. Butler abandoned his own career, and thereafter devoted himself to his wife, acting as her manager and handling her guns and targets. In his leisure time he wrote hundreds of poems, most of them about a single subject—Annie Oakley.

—From the jacket design of the book.

Annie Oakley—". . . had she missed . . ."

ANNIE'S big break came when she joined Sells Brothers Circus in 1884, and began to do her shooting from the back of a loping pony. Several of her stunts with rifle and revolver, I have been told, have never been duplicated, even with modern guns, which are far more accurate than the ones Annie used. But Annie performed them day after day without a miss. Annie quit the circus after a year to join Buffalo Bill's show and, thanks to her extraordinary skill and her lovable character—and an assist from that prince of press agents John Burke—soon became one of the best-known women in the world. She was wildly acclaimed everywhere; in New York, Paris, and London crowds followed her in the streets. Sitting Bull, the famous chief of the Sioux Indians, adopted her as his daughter, giving her an Indian name meaning "Little Sure Shot." She was entertained by kings and queens; Queen Victoria patted her on the shoulder and said, "You are a very clever little girl." She easily defeated a Russian grand duke who fancied himself as a rifle shot, and she shot a cigarette from the mouth of the German Crown Prince, the Kaiser of World War I. Had she missed, the world might have been different.

Annie Oakley was in show business virtually her entire life, and it is doubtful if any performer was ever more popular, had more friends, or was regarded with more respect and affection. After she had been injured in an automobile accident Will Rogers wrote of her, "She is a greater character than she is a rifle shot. . . . Annie Oakley's name, her lovable traits, her thoughtful consideration of others will live as a mark for any woman to shoot at." Because of the placidity and respectability of her private life Annie Oakley's story was not an easy one to write, but Mr. Havighurst has done a remarkably fine job. I don't see how this book could have been improved upon.

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Glittering Cavalcade

"Glory, God and Gold," by Paul I. Wellman *(Doubleday. 402 pp. $6). describes the American Southwest and the Indians, Spanish, French, and Yankees who have passed through and settled in it during the past four centuries. Frank Waters, our reviewer, is the author of "The Colorado," "Midas of the Rockies," and other books.*

By Frank Waters

IN 1540 a Spanish knight in golden armor, followed by more than 300 gallants mounted on horses whose ornate trappings hung to the ground, foot soldiers, Indian servants, 1,500 horses and pack mules, and a great herd of cattle and sheep, set out—for "glory, God, and gold"—for that vast and still fabulous domain now known as the American Southwest.

For four centuries this fantastic mountain-ribbed desert continued to be a vast stage across which has paraded a never-ending cavalcade: Spanish *conquistadores*, French, Spanish, and American explorers, brown-robed priests, trappers, traders, soldiers, Yankee settlers in covered wagons, cattle drivers, prospectors, outlaws, engineers, atomic scientists—and the greatest and last Indian tribes in America. Perhaps no other single section of the continent has condensed such an overwhelming number and diversity of historical personages, racial types, cultural elements, political thrusts, key events, and dramatic conflicts on all levels of interpretation. Certainly no other topography could have thrown them into such naked perspective.

It is this complex, historical parade of four centuries that Paul I. Wellman has attempted to portray in the 400 pages of "Glory, God and Gold." Obviously it can't be done. Mr. Wellman's book is a well-written narrative outline of salient figures and events for readers unfamiliar with the subject, with excellent sketch maps to accompany the text; but its omissions, inaccuracies, and lack of objectiveness discredit it as an authentic history of scope and insight.

Outstanding among its omissions is that great paradox of a theocratic despotism established in a democratic republic, a socialistic state founded in the very period when rugged individualism was carving out the foundations of an imperialistic materialism, and a religious polygamy unique in the Occident—the Mormon Empire. There is no evaluation of the short but significant era of the Mountain Men. The informative chapter on cattle drives is not followed by one on the establishment of the early stage-line and the later railroad routes, with the dramatic war between the Santa Fe and the Denver and Rio Grande. The whole period of Colorado River steamboating and river-running, exploration and development, marked by Powell's first voyage through Grand Canyon and by Boulder Dam, is ignored. There is nothing on the great gold rushes and gold camps which now litter the landscape as eerie ghost towns. The undue importance given the Apaches is not mitigated by any discussion of the role of the Navajos, who today comprise the last and largest integrated Indian tribe occupying the largest reservation in the United States.

There is a short description of the detonation of the world's first atomic bomb near Alamogordo, New Mexico; but no mention is made of historic Los Alamos, of the continuing atomic tests at Yucca and Frenchman's Flats, Nevada, or of the exploration throughout the Colorado Plateau of the world's second largest deposit of uranium—a search exceeding the fabulous gold rushes of the last century. All this is changing rapidly the face and the meaning of the whole Southwest. Actually, Mr. Wellman's book is largely confined to its earlier and perhaps more romantic aspects.

NOR are these always accurately and objectively viewed. Seen with the perspective of seventy years, the Earp-Clanton feud at Tombstone is no longer regarded as having been a battle between the righteous forces of law and order and a gang of outlaw cowboys. Documented material in the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society shows Wyatt Earp to have been no more than a shady saloonkeeper operating a good racket under the protection of a deputy marshal's badge, a man with an exhibitionist complex who was run out of Arizona under President Arthur's threat to declare martial law unless the Tombstone district was cleaned up (as it was by quiet John Slaughter, without firing a shot). Abandoning his wife, who shortly died of poison, Earp went on to Alaska, where U. S. Marshal Albert Lows took away his gun and ran him out of Nome. Yet Mr. Wellman insists on glorifying him to the tune of Walter Noble Burns's fictional "Tombstone" and Stuart N. Lake's "Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal," whose implausible romanticism has fed movie and pulp-paper Western writers for years. One needs only to refer to the "Battle of Burleigh" (or Iron Springs, as Wellman refers to it) for the epitome of fictitious and farcical melodrama.

—*Thomas Moran*

A Colorado exploration—"a vast stage."

Doubleday & Co. has done a great disservice in claiming that "Glory, God and Gold" is "the first real history of the Southwest ever written." The Mainstream of America Series, of which this book is the second volume, long follows Rinehart & Co.'s Rivers of America Series, in which "The Colorado," "The Rio Grande," and others have detailed the same background; Duell, Sloan, & Pearce's "country" book series—"Pinon Country," "Grand Canyon Country," and "Mormon Country"; and many other independent, documented histories of the Southwest.

The facts themselves have been retold often. What is needed now, if they are to prove of value to a maturing nation, is a history that will assess their impact upon the political and economic, cultural and religious problems of our time, and the psychological mores of our various ethnic groups.

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—Jacket design, "A Marriage Fête at Bermondsey," from the book, courtesy the Marquis of Salisbury.

". . . much romantic nonsense has been written about our forebears."

Our Spiritual Ancestors

"The English People on the Eve of Colonization, 1603-1630," by Wallace Notestein *(Harper. 302 pp. $5), is the latest in the New American Nation Series. Here it is reviewed by Louis B. Wright, director of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D. C.*

By Louis B. Wright

HISTORY deals with living personalities in a definite time and a definite place. It is no abstraction concerned merely with dates, graphs, tables, and data dealing with the actions of governments and people. The proper understanding of history requires us to see the past if possible as a contemporary participant in the events might have seen his own age. Sometimes in the reduction of history to a social "science" we have lost sight of the actors on the historical stage; we have forgotten or have never known what the people who played the roles looked like, how they lived, or what they felt as human beings. To give us a comprehension of our spiritual, if not our actual, ancestors is the task of Wallace Notestein in the present volume in the New American Nation Series, "The English People on the Eve of Colonization."

Few living historians are better equipped than Notestein to write such a book, for he has devoted a long life to the study of a people whom he greatly admires; he has spent much time living in the country which produced these people; and he is one of the foremost authorities on their political institutions.

Much romantic nonsense has been written about our colonial ancestors, some of it by Americans who want to think of their forebears as polished courtiers who would grace a modern drawing room. Any such romanticist should read Notestein's sober and considered description of seventeenth-century Englishmen of all classes. From letters, diaries, and literary as well as non-literary documents, Notestein has brought together evidence which makes it clear that only a few individuals would fit the description cherished by their descendants.

Life was hard in the early seventeenth century. England was beset by inflation and periodically distressed by depressions. Changes in the old economic order had disrupted many elements in the population and created a body of migratory laborers who wandered through the country in search of work or charity. Countrymen crowded into towns and cities. Even the gentry and nobles often left their country seats and moved to London. Worse than depressions were the plagues which afflicted the towns at intervals and sent those who could afford to escape fleeing back to the country for a season. It was small wonder that the chance to start life in the New World appealed to men hopeful of improving their status however dangerous the adventure might prove. These hopeful and sometimes desperate men made up the rank and file of the immigrants who settled on the Atlantic coast without much to bolster them except their own raw courage.

FROM Notestein's book we can learn something of their qualities, something of the background and conditioning which made the migration a success and produced the kind of people we are today. He starts with a discussion of English character and the intellectual and cultural influences at work in England in the first half of the seventeenth century. From the general he proceeds to the particular and describes the quality of the nobility, the country gentry, the clergy, yeomen farmers, lawyers, physicians, businessmen, and scholars. He also has chapters on the rise of Puritanism and upon the agencies of government. As one might suppose from Notestein's own long devotion to the subject, the sections on Kingship, Parliament, and the Courts, and the officers who implemented the administration of law and justice are among his best.

The stipulated compass of this book has not permitted Notestein to treat at length topics of great interest to every American reader, and one often wishes for more details from his own vast store of knowledge. But within the limited space permitted him he has presented an enormous number of fascinating facts, many of them gathered from original documents for the first time, and he has interpreted these facts in the light of a lifetime of study. But, despite the best efforts of historians, many aspects of life remain unrevealed, as Notestein himself points out. For example, we know all too little about the daily lives of the underprivileged many, the laborers and workmen who made up the majority of the immigrants into the New World. Nobody took the trouble to write their brief and simple annals and we can only make a shrewd guess as to how they lived and what they thought. Others, like doctors and lawyers, played such a conspicuous role in the lives of their fellows that

(*Continued on page* 50)

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WRITERS AND WRITING

The Noble Revolutionary

"His Very Self and Voice: Collected Conversations of Lord Byron," edited by Ernest J. Lovell, Jr. *(Macmillan. 676 pp. $7.50), offers a totally new kind of biography of Byron, whose notorious and graceful conversation was legendary throughout Europe. Paul Trueblood, who reviews it below, is a visiting associate professor of English at the University of Oregon and author of "The Flowering of Byron's Genius."*

By Paul Graham Trueblood

NO BOOK can do for Byron what Boswell did for Johnson. Yet Ernest J. Lovell's "Collected Conversations of Lord Byron" does something comparable. For Byron had not *one* Boswell but rather a *dozen* would-be Boswells, besides a veritable host of other informants, all of whom aspired to perpetuate the poet's "very self and voice."

Lovell brings together no less than 160 contemporary testimonies to Byron's superlative abilities as a conversationalist. Extracted from more than 180 printed sources, they include fifteen book-length accounts, besides several important unpublished sources, such as some new letters of Mary Shelley and excerpts from Countess Teresa Guiccioli's voluminous "Vie de Lord Byron en Italie." Even Coleridge had a smaller army of reporters. For, according to the editors of "Coleridge the Talker" (Oxford, 1940), only one hundred individuals described the conversation of the famous sage of Highgate. It is doubtful if any other English man of letters, not even excepting Dr. Johnson, has had such a complete and faithful transcript of his actual utterance and personality.

The result of Lovell's skilful editing is a unified and coherent narrative of Byron's conversational life throughout his mature years. Presented virtually in their entirety, the selections are arranged with admirable clarity in a dominantly chronological order. The whole provides a new and unique kind of biography of Byron—the famous poet as heard and seen by those who actually knew him.

Why was Byron's conversation reported by twice four-score of Byron's contemporaries and in such detail? Was it, perhaps, because of the fortunate meeting of the man and the age—a conversation-conscious, diary-keeping, letter-writing age, an age steeped in admiration of Boswell's conversation-studded "Life of Dr. Johnson," that adulated wits and dandies and loved and venerated lords and poets? Byron, all these at once, famous as a poet at twenty-four and notorious at twenty-eight, fired the popular imagination as no other literary personage before him had done. In an age that exalted the art of talking, Byron's conversation was legendary. He was easily the most famous and skilled talker in all of Europe.

This volume provides an incomparable picture of the incredibly complex and paradoxical Lord Byron—aristocrat, democrat, romanticist, realist, humorist, satirist, hero, outcast, rebel, liberator, and eventual martyr to the cause of freedom. The kaleidoscopic alternations of his multi-faceted personality are even more fully and fascinatingly revealed in Byron's recorded conversations than in his voluminous letters, journals, and poetry. And this is high tribute to the conversation of one whose letters and poetry are almost unrivaled in the fulness and frankness of their self-revelation. His conversation was characterized by spontaneity, intensity, vigor, colorfulness, and boundless variety, and voiced in tones at once so melodious and beautiful as to excite in his auditors, as Mary Shelley testified, "deep and shifting emotions."

—Portrait by Thomas Phillips.
Byron—"superlative conversationalist."

"New and striking thoughts followed from him in rapid succession," wrote Countess Teresa Guiccioli, Byron's Italian mistress, "and the flame of his genius lighted up as if winged with wildfire." Comparing Byron's talk with the grand and brilliant conceptions and rich humor of his "Don Juan," Teresa declared "only those who knew him can judge how superior still his conversation was." And Byron's talk ranged a vast gamut of topics from the great persons of his day, and greater problems, to the perennial themes of morality, hypocrisy, politics, religion, and sex. If Coleridge surpassed Byron in the penetration and profundity of his talk, Byron outstripped Coleridge in the variety, versatility, and lucidity of his conversation.

THIS book is one more important evidence that Byron's stock is steadily rising in the mid-twentieth century. After his death in 1824 Byron's reputation declined rapidly, reached its nadir by 1850, and remained at low ebb through the rest of the century. About the beginning of the twentieth century it began to ascend once more and has continued to rise steadily, if slowly, to the present. Only gradually is the world again becoming aware that Lord Byron was perhaps the most articulate and effective champion of human freedom in post-Waterloo Europe. And, more important, only now are we beginning to realize that Byron's fearless political and social criticism in his satiric masterpiece, "Don Juan," speaks exactly to our condition today.

But, whether we admire Byron as the first modern colloquial poet, epic-satirist of the post-Waterloo world, reflector of the cultural ideas of a brilliant epoch in European history, "voice of liberty" in a despotic era, advocate of cultural nationalism, liberator of suppressed peoples, or perennial champion of human freedom, it is still, and inevitably, to Byron himself that we return—to the fascinating, dazzling, baffling, passionate, absurd, obnoxious, lovable personality. Lovell's spacious book calls us back again to Byron the man. And perhaps rightly. For, after all, the secret of Byron's irresistible appeal is his enthralling humanity.

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Passionate Self-Love Affair

"The Private Diaries of Stendhal," edited and translated by Robert Sage *(Doubleday. 570 pp. $7.50), is the revealing journal kept over a thirteen-year period by the callow young poet Marie Henri Beyle, who later achieved fame as a novelist under the name of Stendhal. Here it is reviewed by Morris Bishop, professor of French at Cornell University, author of "Pascal: The Life of Genius" and other works.*

By Morris Bishop

IN THE year 1801 an egotistical would-be comic poet, aged eighteen, who had taken his pseudonym, Stendhal, from the name of a German town which he misspelled, began keeping a diary in the hope of getting to know himself. "My means," he wrote, "is this diary . . . It aims at being a mathematical and rigid report on my manner of being, neither too favorable nor too unfavorable, but stating purely and severely what I believe to have taken place . . ." Thirteen years later he turned from his diaries and began to write in other forms; finally, when he was well over forty, discovering the one in which he was to excel, the novel.

But in these youthful years the diary form served him well. Into it he included the scope of his life: his criticisms of the current plays and books, his experiences in Napoleon's army, his love affairs (together with the most intimate details), and his ambitions and failures. The result is a disconcerting record of an insufferable ass, a coxcomb squared and cubed, and egotist on the edge of solipsism. According to our worldly, reasonable judgments, he was simply a fool; and sometimes, with his delusions of grandeur and persecution, he seems unbalanced. (Indeed, he had his fears of insanity.) He was a butt, a laughing-stock, and was seldom aware of the fact. For instance, he overhears—as, surely, he was intended to overhear—a friend remark: "Beyle [his real name] didn't stand on ceremony at all with the ladies! He was stretched out in a chair, his hand over his eyes, looking at them from time to time as though he was examining what was going on, and scarcely condescending to speak."

Stendhal sets this and other opinions of himself down with great complacency. There is constant discrepancy between his view of himself and the view that others took of him. Yet his diaries, recently published as "The Private Diaries of Stendhal," well translated and with admirable introductory, connective, and annotative matter by Robert Sage, make a worthy volume. Every self-respecting library should have a copy, and all Stendhalians and Beylists must have one, if only because the French editions—there have been two of them, more or less complete—are expensive and not easy to come by.

It is a book full of self-admiration of his own witty, hysterical moments—moments which, according to the record, others found painful. The most extraordinary of his divergences from normal human responses is his account of the Russian campaign of 1812. Stendhal made the whole journey in the Quartermaster Corps. He was annoyed by the cold, the starvation, and chiefly by the coarseness of the dying soldiers. "The insides of souls I saw during the retreat from Moscow disgusted me forever with observing coarse human beings, the sword-wielders who make up an army." Of the 450,000 sword-wielders who entered Russia about 24,000 returned. During the retreat Stendhal read Voltaire's "Faceties," Mme. du Deffand's Letters, and an English translation of "Paul et Virginia." He also worked on a lamentable comedy, which he never finished. (I once knew a literary paratrooper who boasted that he always took a volume of poetry to read while floating down to earth. I thought that if he had looked more while jumping he might have been a better poet.)

I MUST confess that until I read his diaries I did not know that Stendhal was such a fool. His self-revelation makes me wonder about the accepted critical evaluations of his work. Can his books actually have the merit we accord to them? May it not be that the critics of today prize the fragmentary view more than the whole view—Waterloo as seen by a bewildered participant more than Waterloo seen by God's eye? As Stendhal translated his inferiority into arrogant superiority, do not his adulators perhaps translate the inferiorities of his work into superiorities? May it not be that we are anxious to shame our great-grandfathers, who knew Stendhal and rated him low, by accepting Stendhal's predictions of fame and rating him high? We crow over our great-grandfathers; but they were right for themselves, and we are right for ourselves, but only for ourselves. We cannot tell the past, nor the future, that our right is righter than theirs.

Can the works of Stendhal really be

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A SPARE-PARTS SONNET

G. C. Haddow of Hamilton, Ontario, submits a nicely orthodox sonnet composed of lines taken without alteration from poems by ten familiar English authors. If you can identify six of the sources, give yourself a pass; seven, an overpass; eight or better, a surpass. Answers on page 51.

Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll;
A deep distress hath humanized my soul,
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed.
So Heaven decrees. With Heaven who can contest?
'Tis but a part we see and not a whole.
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest.

Ah, take the cash and let the credit go!
True love in this differs from gold and clay,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,
On some fond breast the parting soul relies.

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as good as we thought? I look again at "Le Rouge et Le Noir" and I know that my answer must be Yes. Somehow this young fool grew up to write some great books, passionate and true. But the publication of his journal does not make the process much clearer.

Notes

SHELLEY'S REPUTATION: At a time when Shelley's reputation is at a nadir—in the quarters where literary reputations are manufactured and dismantled—only equaled in the decade following his death, when all correct graduate students of literature (who have not read the poet) know (because, in a famous essay, T. S. Eliot told them) that he was merely a clever and unpleasant adolescent and the Romantic era an unfortunate lapse of taste; when, after the successive assaults of the New Humanists and the New Critics, it is unfashionable and indiscreet to confess admiration—at such a time it is good to have Sylvia Norman's **"Flight of the Skylark: The Development of Shelley's Reputation"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.50).

Thoroughly grounded in literary—and, in particular, Shelley—scholarship, to which she has herself made substantial contribution, Miss Norman has set herself the twofold task of tracing the development of Shelley's reputation, and describing the genesis and growth of the persistent myths which always obstructed a clear view of the man and his poetry, and which continue, perniciously, to confound literary history.

Miss Norman's rigorously objective account fails to provide analysis where it seems most necessary: too suddenly, Shelley is accepted among the immortals of English poetry. What changes in taste, thought, sensibility brought about this conversion, why the "blasphemous infidel" achieved the status of "classic"—this Miss Norman does not tell us. But in separating truth from myth, gossip, scandal, and sentimentality—and doing so with wit and perceptiveness—Miss Norman has given us a rewarding and engaging book.

—SAUL MALOFF.

AMERICAN PRE-RAPHAELITES: The famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of mid-nineteenth century England inspired a group of "daring young men" in America to form in 1863 "The Society for the Advancement of Truth in Art." Known more familiarly as the American Pre-Raphaelites, they set as their standard the "faithful and loving representations" of visible nature. Like their English contemporaries, they worked toward an ideal union of literature and the other arts. The American movement, however, without major figures like the Rossettis, John Ruskin, William Morris, and Edward Burne-Jones, has never achieved the historical importance of the PRB. A chronicle such as David H. Dickason's **"The Daring Young Men"** (Indiana University Press, $5) is, despite the obscurity of its subject, a welcome introduction to a minor American revolution against the constraints of classic orthodoxy and toward originality.

In the van of the movement was William J. Stillman, who with John Durand founded *Crayon*, a journal of art criticism. Then came the "Society," with its official magazine *New Paths*, and with its intention of helping and encouraging young artists. The members were profoundly influenced by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Ruskin, and Morris, but they also enjoyed a reciprocal esteem. The primitivistic experiments of the Americans in poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture had a very limited success but were vigorous challenges to complaisance. They carried their attitudes into practical areas, such as attempts at communal living and an arts and crafts movement which aimed at simplifying, humanizing, and beautifying their surroundings. The American movement has long since faded, but Mr. Dickason has found modern traces in Sara Teasdale, Richard Hovey, Vachel Lindsay, and even Ezra Pound. —EDWARD A. BLOOM.

Life with Our In-Laws

DR. Evelyn Millis Duval's **"In Laws: Pro and Con"** (Association Press, $3.95) is a homey little offering which contains a sewing-basketful of curious little ravelings about its morbidly fascinating subject. Some of them:

• • Number One in-law hazard is of course the mother-in-law. Some characteristics: aggressive opposition, persistent resistance, resigned acceptance.

• • Many men and women do not mind being mothered by their mothers-in-law.

• • In many families the mother-in-law sides with her son- or daughter-in-law instead of her own married child when differences arise. This appears to be a mutually acceptable procedure that often works for harmony all around. The own-child is pleased that his or her mother appreciates the mate, and is not threatened because the mother's love of her own is assured. The mother-in-law feels closer to both for having taken the part of the outsider; while the young child-in-law is warmly touched by the mother-in-law's acceptance.

• • More women than men say that they love their mothers-in-law like mothers.

• • Many a mother-in-law sounds baffled, bewildered, and bitter in her role. She reports that anything she does is misconstrued by her sons- and daughters-in-law. If she leaves them alone she is being neglectful; if she is nice to them she is being two-faced. She just can't win!

• • Sister-in-law is the Number Two hazard among in-laws. In several respects sister-in-law outdistances mother-in-law in troublesomeness. Sister-in-law is a center of strain in other cultures too. Margaret Mead reports that in the Admiralty Islands the sister-in-law relationship is one of strain and opposition.

• • People do not often find brothers-in-law difficult to get along with.

• • The father-in-law offends more often than the mother-in-law with his annoying overt behavior, such as boastfulness, over-talkativeness, and drinking; and less often in his interpersonal relations in the family.

• • Every married couple belongs to three families. They belong first of all to themselves. They are the WE of the new family they are founding together. But at the same time they belong also to *his* family, and to *hers*. If they are to establish a strong family unit of their own they must inevitably realign their loyalties to the place where *our* family comes before either *yours* or *mine*.

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The Saturday Review

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
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The World and Professor Toynbee

WHEN the historian leaves the dead past and attempts to chart the future of the world in which he is living he is often revealed to be no wiser than the men who have spent their lives studying contemporary history. It has been said that Professor Toynbee has hesitated to give his opinion on the increasingly menacing situation of a divided world in which its prinicpal protagonists are armed with totally destructive weapons, ranging from the hydrogen bomb to the latest discoveries in biological warfare. Actually, he has expressed *opinions* which almost any American who looks to him for enlightenment will find extremely disturbing.

In "The World and the West," a series of lectures published last year, for example, he says that discontented Asians are not the only public for whom Communism has an appeal. "Communism has an appeal for all men since it can claim to offer mankind the unity which is our only alternative to self-destruction in an atomic age." This is startling enough for a Westerner who believes that we are defending the right to freedom for united mankind, but his next sentence is worse. "It looks," he writes, "as if in the encounter between Russia and the West the spiritual initiative, though not the technological lead, has now passed, at any rate for the moment, from the Western to the Russian side." He believes that the West has lost the spiritual initiative, the control in fact, of the minds of men. As we are now "moving off the technological plane to the spiritual plane" it might appear that we are doomed. In Douglas Jerrold's "The Lie about the West," a response to Professor Toynbee's challenge, there is this caustic sentence: "We cannot, the progressives appear to think, teach the Eastern people how to live, but we can teach them how not to be born."

There can be no doubt that Professor Toynbee is one of the greatest living historians writing at the present time, or that the ten volumes of his "A Study of History" is a monumental work. Nevertheless, his whole theory of the history of civilizations has been attacked, and there are weighty arguments against the validity of his comparative study of twenty-one civilizations as a basis for general conceptions about history. Oswald Spengler's "Decline of the West" is now somewhat discredited. Thirty years ago it had an appeal to an era of misery and despair, though it might appear that his ghost has been looking over Professor Toynbee's shoulder during a part of his gigantic labors. To Spengler Western society was doomed; Toynbee leaves hope for a miracle. "We may and must pray that a reprieve which God has granted our society once will not be refused if we ask for it again with contrite heart." Everyone may say amen to that, though if Professor Toynbee is right and Western society has been enduring one long process of disintegration since the religious wars in the sixteenth century it will take a vast amount of praying to save us from total collapse as the inevitable end of our destiny.

Several historians have argued against the central theme of Toynbee's series of volumes. In a debate with the Professor, published under the title "Can We Know the Pattern of the Past?" Pieter Geyl asked if he had proved that the history of civilization falls into sharply marked stages of growth and disintegration, separated by breakdown, or that the work of creative minds or creative minorities are successful only in the first stage and in the second doomed to failure. "The human intellect," he said, "is not sufficiently comprehensive to weigh the evil and good tendencies present in every stage of man's history against each other and tell before the event which will have the upper hand."

IN "The Lie About the West" Douglas Jerrold sharply criticizes the thesis that Russia endured six centuries of aggression from the West, pointing out that in the fourteenth century it was a small landlocked state, and today it is the largest continental empire known to history. In fact, it would seem to even an untutored mind that, while the sense of history is as indispensable to mankind as Professor Toynbee avers, his analysis of the rise and fall of a score of civilizations as related to our own situation today may not satisfy logic or common sense. It might seem that he was pointing directly at this continent and the United States, which was invaded by white men and carved into nations so recently that it deserves little comment, when he states that the growth of civilization is not a geographic expansion of the society and is not due to it, but is positively associated with retardation and disintegration. In addition, it does not consist in and is not due to technological progress and the society's increasing mastery of the physical environment.

If any American reader is in doubt of the validity of this gem of historical philosophy can he agree that there is no correlation between progress in technique and progress in civilization? If America in the twentieth century has no civilization it will certainly need all of Mr. Toynbee's prayers. As barbarians ours would be of little use.

—H. S.

The Day-Flower

By Sara deFord

SO SUDDEN blue you flower on a hill
Green with full summer, like wind-fallen wings
Tinged blue with sky-flight, clinging to a stem,
As transient as the butterfly that swings
Over the minuscule daisy diadem
Crowning your calyx heart.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HONESTY AND DILIGENCE

I ENJOYED George Dangerfield's book-review of the biography "Melbourne," by Lord David Cecil [*SR* Oct. 9]. In it, he mentions "a most disagreeable flaw" in Lord Melbourne's character: ". . . the unexpected vein of coarseness which runs through his character . . . a peculiar kind of insensitivity towards anything unfamiliar or dull." Dangerfield illustrates this flaw with a description from the book of Melbourne participating in a long wrangle with his Cabinet over the price of bread, and afterwards calling over the banister to his departing colleagues to ask, "What did we decide? Is it to lower the price of bread or isn't it? It doesn't matter which, but we must all say the same thing."

I think Dangerfield's charge of coarseness and insensitivity in such matters was well refuted back in 1838 by the wittiest of Lord Melbourne's contemporaries, the Rev. Sydney Smith, who wrote:

"Our Viscount is somewhat of an impostor . . . Anyone would suppose from his manner that he was playing chuck-farthing with human happiness . . . that he would giggle away the Great Charter . . . Instead of being the ignorant man he pretends to be, before he meets the deputation of Tallow Chandlers in the morning he sits up half the night talking with Thomas Young about melting and skimming, and then, though he has acquired knowledge enough to work off a whole vat of prime Leicester tallow, he pretends next morning not to know the difference between a dip and a mold. I am sorry to hurt any man's feelings and to brush away the magnificent front of levity and gaiety he has reared; but I accuse our Minister of honesty and diligence; I deny that he is careless or rash; he is nothing more than a man of good understanding and good principle, disguised in the eternal and somewhat wearisome affectation of a political *roué*."

MRS. CLEVELAND E. DODGE, JR.

Pownal, Vt.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I feel out of place in this outfit—I'm a vegetarian."

THE MEDIOCRE, ROUTINE, SUBSERVIENT, AND SOCIALLY EXPEDIENT

RE: "SCIENCE, MONKEYS, and Mozart," by Norbert Wiener [*SR* Nov. 20], without disputing him in any way, but to generalize somewhat further, I will suggest that the rarity of "genius" is less a matter of its occurrence than of the failure of society to recognize it. Often, in fact, it is put literally to death, and frequently is so punished in mind and soul as to succumb. The "miracle" then is not its birth but its survival.

I dare guess we have greater genius scorned here in New York today, not to mention elsewhere, than any of which we have record. They won't survive because we have a virtually invincible system for their extermination. Wiener mentions some few of the means by which this is done. But there are myriad related devices for the purpose, not the least of which are the huge intellectual bureaucracies called universities which glorify, as do all bureaucracies, not the excellent but the mediocre, not the original but the routine, not the rebel but the subservient, and, first and last, not the eternal but the socially expedient.

JACK M. WEBSTER.

New York, N. Y.

CURIOUS ABOUT WIENER

FOR SOME YEARS I have had a special interest in analyzing the complaints of Prof. Norbert Wiener. The first one I noticed was in, if I recall correctly, *Harper's Magazine*, or it may have been the *Atlantic Monthly*, and consisted of an announcement that he intended to withhold his ideas, thereafter, from "irresponsible militarists." This, at a time when other men were confronted with the problem of submitting their lives and their property to these same militarists, irresponsible or not.

I found in the introduction to Professor Wiener's book on cybernetics, also about this same time, a clear and definite statement of unrelieved hostility to the business-enterprise economy. It wondered me, then, and it does now, what the source of the professor's bias might be. There were some glimmerings of evidence in his autobiographical book, "Ex-Prodigy," but not enough. I trust he will issue additional volumes of this revealing report to bring his own story in his own words right up to the present.

There are not many men so gifted as Professor Wiener, so I am told and so I believe. But rarely have I met a man, either in person or in print, more clouded mentally, outside his speciality. At least, rarely has a man of professed talent, or it may be genius, so written outside his speciality with more obvious lack of self-control. It would be valuable to all of us seeking to understand the natural scientists and their associates if we could have a full psychoanalysis of Wiener, self-conducted. I would particularly like to see the professor undertake a comparative world study of what he calls "freedom" for scientists, so that a fair measure of the rules in our own society against the rules in others may be seen. I don't think he can do it, but I would like to see him make a stab at it.

FRANK C. WALDROP.

Elkmont, Ala.

PSYCHOLOGY OF RESENTMENT

"THEY'RE SELLING Your Unconscious," by Lydia Strong [*SR* Nov. 13], is an interesting story of the effort of advertisers to make an effective psychological appeal to the public. Is there any indication that such an idea has ever suggested itself to radio advertisers?

From my own personal reaction to many of the commercials, I should infer that they are directed, above everything else, to arousing the antagonism, resentment, and disgust of the listeners. Extravagant claims, endlessly repeated in silly rhymes, inane songs, with raucous voices, all tend to build up in me an unreasoned resentment that says, "There's one brand I will avoid like poison!"

Whose psychology is wrong, mine or the advertiser's?

JOHN W. FINDLEY.

West Lafayette, Ind.

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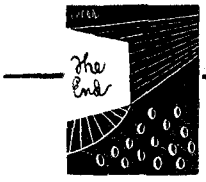

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Japan's Film Revolution

—From "Gate of Hell."

". . . the almost ritualistic performances of the actors achieve the ultimate effect."

AT THE moment Japan's film studios seem to be doing the most interesting, most creative job of movie-making in the world. It is, of course, a critical error to generalize from only a handful of pictures. But when that handful includes such radically different yet authentic masterpieces as "Rashomon," "Ugetsu," and now **"Gate of Hell"** the generalization is very much in order. While our Occidental films have leveled off at a plateau of technical perfection, the films from Japan are exploring psychological, physiological, and esthetic paths that are, in their implications, not merely new but revolutionary. They may attract (or disturb) us by their strangeness, their exoticism. Indeed, the pictorial elements of "Gate of Hell" suggest nothing so much as an Arabian Nights fantasy come to life. Beneath its pictorial beauty, however—just as beneath the novel story-line of "Rashomon" and the strange interpenetration of reality and unreality in "Ugetsu"—there lies something far more fundamental, the urge to create a new and original school of Japanese cinematography.

Masaichi Nagata, the producer of all three films, is altogether clear on this point. "I dreamed of the day when the world would accept Oriental films free of Hollywood or European influences," he declared during the course of a visit to New York a few months ago. Conscientiously he studied the output of the world's film centers—the action pictures from the United States, the sophisticated love stories from France, the English comedies, the Italian realistic dramas—to discover a *genre* that these do not and can not have.

Nagata decided to attempt his invasion of the world market with a series of stories of old Japan, some of them Japanese classics, but told in a "humanistic" style. The "humanism" his directors have adopted is perhaps, by our standards, still highly formalized and ritualistic. Kabuki strongly influences the acting of "Gate of Hell," and of them all only "Rashomon" approaches our own films in pace and style. Yet each is concerned with people and their emotions.

What constitutes the revolution is the fact that the emotions are not conveyed to us by any ordinary means. We do not "identify" with the characters, nor are the psychological tensions heightened by editing techniques. They reach us through the mind rather than through the nerves. But the formalism of camera placement and the almost ritualistic performances of the actors achieve their ultimate effect. They create a new level of emotional gratification in the motion-picture theatre.

This is especially true of "Gate of Hell," where the story is relatively straightforward and direct, and the physical production so strikingly beautiful as virtually to sweep away barriers of language and custom. Set in twelfth-century Japan at the time of the Heiji revolt, it tells of the warrior Moritoh and his love for Kesa, wife of the court noble Wataru. They meet in the fiery confusion of the revolution. Kesa has volunteered to ride in the imperial carriage, a decoy for the revolutionists. Moritoh is assigned to command her military escort. When the enemy closes in he spirits her away—and falls in love with her at first sight. As a reward for his part in crushing the rebellion, Moritoh asks only to marry Kesa, persisting in his demands even after he learns that she is already married. She refuses him, but he tries in innumerable ways to humble Wataru, hoping to make himself more desirable in Kesa's eyes. Finally, as a last resort, he threatens to kill both Kesa and her husband unless she yields to him. She pretends to agree, asking that he kill her husband first; but that night she sleeps in her husband's bed, and it is Kesa who dies by Moritoh's sword.

This true story, melodramatic in its outlines, unfolds on the screen with deceptive calm. Like a Japanese painting, its tones are muted and gray. Against such a background, however, a single splash of color gains enormous vitality. In "Gate of Hell" the rapacious Moritoh provides the splash of color. The other performers—Machiko Kyo as Kesa, Isao Yamagata as Wataru—move with measured grace, concealing their emotions behind a polite smile or a fluttered fan; Kazuo Hasegawa, as Moritoh, bounds through his scenes, his features distorted, his voice harsh and guttural. Only at the finale, when his violence has found release in murder, does he assume the veiled intensity of the other members of the cast. The ritual gesture with which he crops his warrior's lock is at once a mark of repentance and an acknowledgment of tradition. The final shot shows him hurrying through the massive red temple gates of Kyoto, the "Gate of Hell" of the title.

Still, in all probability, it is its incredibly beautiful coloring that makes this film so overwhelmingly effective. Japanese technicians spent three years in Hollywood mastering the techniques of color; to this they added

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FILMS AT
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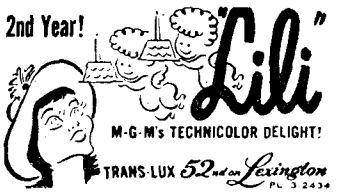
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centuries of accumulated wisdom in the psychology and philosophy of color. As a result, "Gate of Hell" is not only the most handsome picture yet shown on any screen anywhere, but color plays an important emotional role as well. Fiery red-oranges dominate the opening scenes of chaos in the imperial palace, an icy blue bathes the scene of the assassination —and when a soft yellow light breaks into it it suggests both the approaching tragedy and Kesa's purity. The film, shot on Eastman stock, so impressed the people at Rochester that they immediately requested a print for their own archives and research. Its delicacy, its subtlety provide an almost startling contrast to our Hollywood-conditioned concepts of color in films. Unquestionably, "Gate of Hell" will become an important influence in refining the future use of color on the screen. It is, in the fullest sense, a true work of art.

* * *

Iris Barry, the former Director of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, used to say, "Good movies never die." With the rise of television her phrase might be extended to cover bad movies as well. Yet the idea of a repertory cinema—paralleling a repertory theatre, or the permanent exhibitions of most museums—has found curiously little support in commercial film circles. Occasionally the Hollywood studios re-release a few of their earlier successes. Occasionally a distributor of foreign films tries his luck with some re-issues of proven classics. Now, however, two of New York's art houses have suddenly launched a whole series of revivals. One explores the "golden age" of European silent films—the early Twenties in Germany, the late Twenties in Russia—through such pictures as Fritz Lang's "Siegfried" and "Metropolis," Emil Jannings in "Tartuffe," Eisenstein's "Potemkin," and Pudovkin's "End of St. Petersburg." The other series confines itself to the first years of the "talkies" in this country, with such titles as "Be Yourself," with Fanny Brice, D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln," and Lillian Gish in "The Swan," her first talking picture. Both series afford New York moviegoers a splendid opportunity to review the developing art of the motion picture (and, perhaps, to indulge in a bit of private nostalgia at the same time). Should these experiments prove successful, it is not unlikely that Hollywood will open its vaults wider to resurrect some of its own significant contributions to this art of the twentieth century.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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ALL right—slow down—cut your motor—that does it, fellows! Television is supposed to be living-room entertainment. You're not going to make a freeway out of this living room with that endless stream of the new 1955 models.

Pull over to that coffee table! Didn't you see the red light in that bridge lamp? Let me see your driver's license. And your National Association of Radio and TV Broadcasters' card. You were going way over the limit. The NARTB allows you six minutes of commercial in a sixty-minute show. You were going over twelve minutes an hour. Chrysler came through here the other night going nearly sixty minutes an hour with a show called. I believe, "Shower of Cars."

Look at this carpet. It used to be a springy, three-ply twist at $13.95 a square yard. We're down to one ply, no spring, and all twist. It was bad enough when they just came driving through, but with these unveilings the new models do a slow, complete U-turn. The sweep-out front fenders of the three-tone Oldsmobile knocked the tone completely out of this piano, and in the bookshelf that set of Carl Sandburg was practically torn to shreds by the longer silhouette of a Lincoln.

Once upon a time when a man built a better mousetrap the world beat a path to his door. Today the automotive manufacturer has reversed that traffic. He builds a better car, buys an hour on television, and drives the car right through the door into our living rooms. And while the cars slowly revolve voices exhort us to take note that the horsepower of the Buick has gone up from 220 to 236, the Cadillac from 230 to 250, the DeSoto from 170 to 185, and on and on.

It's understandable that a man in the flush of excitement at the unveiling of his newest achievement may be a little drunk with horsepower. But this is autointoxication!

Of course, the commercials on these shows were not blandly presented for the full hour as commercials. They were, as the saying goes, integrated into the story-line. The stars of the shows somehow got involved with the new model cars, which were seen and mentioned throughout the program.

The entertainment value of the hour depended upon how cleverly the commercials were integrated. Being somewhat narcissistic I thought the Buick-Berle show was the least irritating when it had Molly Goldberg, a guest on the show, ask Milton Berle to donate a Buick to the raffle which her ladies' auxiliary was holding. He donated one, and rather cannily, I thought, arranged to make it one of the new models. Before the hour was over all the new models had been unveiled.

But if this device to beat the NARTB ruling of no more than six minutes of commercialism to an hour of television is so easily sidestepped by merely announcing that it is the unveiling of a new model, what's to prevent some perspicacious manufacturer of another product to beat the rap the same way?

What's to prevent a sponsor next season from unveiling a square aspirin tablet? Or a long, low, circular refrigerator with a new horizontal grille? Or a rectangular cigarette in nineteen color-combinations? Or a laxative tablet that tastes like a laxative for people who don't like chocolate?

And why only the unveiling of new products? What about ideas? What's to prevent somebody from sponsoring an hour of television time to integrate the unveiling of some crackpot un-American ideas?

I hope this doesn't suggest anything to some politician who doesn't know his patriotism from his elbow.

—GOODMAN ACE.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 599

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 599 will be found in the next issue.

WETNGWBNPK AHLNKF

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 598

A bigot delights in public ridicule, for he begins to think he is a martyr.—Sydney Smith.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Walter, Kostelanetz, and Rossini's "Otello"

BRUNO WALTER'S second week with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall provided a program that was a model of what such an evening should be—varied in styles, contrasting in moods, yet homogeneous in basic character. As may be related to the judgment that it was one of Walter's best programs here in recent years, it was all music stemming from Central Europe—Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht," the "Prague" (No. 38) symphony of Mozart, and the No. 4 of Dvorak.

It was a pleasure to see this venerable musician looking so well (I did not see him the week before) and even more a pleasure to hear the cohesive esthetic, the seasoned certainty of his conceptions formulating Schoenberg, Mozart, and Dvorak with authority, eloquence, and mastership. Whether it means something for conductors in general that for the first time in twenty-five years New York does not mean the towering presence of Toscanini, I wouldn't know; but this was certainly a happy occasion for the orchestra and the conductor—necessarily, thereby, for the audience also.

What related the works to each other—and thus to a common mood—was a certain lyric line that Walter developed from the beginning of the Schoenberg to the end of the Dvorak. One might have wished for a more pointed incisiveness in the Mozart, a more relaxed flow in some aspects of the Dvorak, but it was without question music played with affection and understanding. I especially relished the Dvorak, a work of character and great skill, perhaps the most Dvorak of his five published symphonies. As in Walter's well-remembered direction of Smetana's "Bartered Bride" at the Metropolitan a dozen years ago, there was an inclination to smooth out some of the rough edges of the composer's folk impulse, to make the angular contours round, but who else plays the music at all (in this country), not to say as well?

The chameleon personnel of the Philharmonic—whose other conductors, in a ten-day period surrounding this concert were Richard Rodgers and Andre Kostelanetz—reacted to this interlude of artistic affinity with appreciation and pride. Without attempting to subject an entity of nearly a hundred men to mass psychoanalysis, it is evident that they respond to Walter as a spiritual symbol of what the orchestra could, at all times, be (and might have been had Walter felt able to assume a larger share of directional responsibility when it was offered to him several years ago). The consequence is maximum utilization of the abundant skills available; in which the strings and woodwind, brass and percussion have a sheen and eloquence with which only the hypercritical could find fault.

* * *

The excursions of TV's "Omnibus" into the realm of musical information continued recently with a dissertation on the French horn in which the Berv brothers—Arthur, Jack, and Harry—were the principal performers. As practised professionals of long years in the NBC Symphony, there was little question of their ability to meet all the challenges posed; the trouble was, however, that the challenges were not nearly what they might have been, whether or not the element of entertainment was paramount. Practically nothing was said about the performers themselves, though their common background is a considerable part of why they are preferred as a "section"; and the total function of the instrument in the orchestra was no more than suggested. Altogether, it seemed to me, the producers of "Omnibus" did something the Bervs did not: namely, they fluffed an opportunity for musical drama by reducing the values involved to something almost trivial. There's gold in them thar horns—but it didn't come out this time.

* * *

Beckmesser in "Die Meistersinger" is much the biggest part Lawrence Davidson has yet undertaken at the Metropolitan, and it would be unfair to more than raise an eyebrow at the result of his first effort. He has reasonable vocal resources for the part, and a plausible physique; but his present notions about the character need drastic revision if it is to become acceptably Wagnerian. Beckmesser is curt, obtuse, and more than a little vain, but hardly as bumptiously belligerent as Davidson made him out to be. I don't know, really, whether it would be possible for him to sing Beckmesser with one hand tied behind his back, but it might be a good idea . . . preferably the right one, with which he gestured so much. This was otherwise a performance in the firm mold, enhanced by the masterful Sachs of Paul Schoeffler.

* * *

The American Opera Society began another season in Town Hall recently with a concert version of what was represented as Rossini's "Otello," but which lacked some salient values required for a total judgment of the composer's accomplishment. With or without fidelity to the original text (deviations were related to the bypassing of some treacherously difficult passages, the transposition of others, and the omission of certain sections), it did not strike me that great violence was done to Rossini's rendering of Shakespeare for the simple reason that the inherent relationship was not too great. True, there are some interesting suggestions (especially in a duet of Otello and Iago, and some music for Desdemona) that Verdi and Boito might have been mindful of Rossini's ground-clearing venture before they embarked on their triumphant collaboration, but an awful lot of underbrush remained, nevertheless.

For a generation denied acquaintance with the whole canon of Rossini's non-*buffo* output, what was offered in this "Otello" was inevitably informative. The difficulty was, however, that as often as one became absorbed in some aspect of his serious development of plot a typical Rossinian crescendo would commence in the orchestra, and one would look about to see from which side Rosina or the Barber would appear.

At that, the cast of Jennie Tourel, Thomas Hayward (Otello), Thomas Lo Monaco (Iago), and Rodrigo (Albert Da Costa) might have been better off with the *buffo* work. I cannot subscribe to a cultish esteem for Miss Tourel as a tragedian, since the quality exists neither in her voice nor in her action, and Hayward was obviously overburdened by the range of his part (calling for several top C's) and its dramatic accent. Lo Monaco has a promising, virile baritone if it is not misused, and Da Costa has flashy brilliance at the top of his tenor—for the while. Carol Brice did well what was required of Emilia. Most admirable of all the effort expended was Arnold U. Gamson's energetic conducting, though some of the sound that taxed the singers probably was a misconception of drama.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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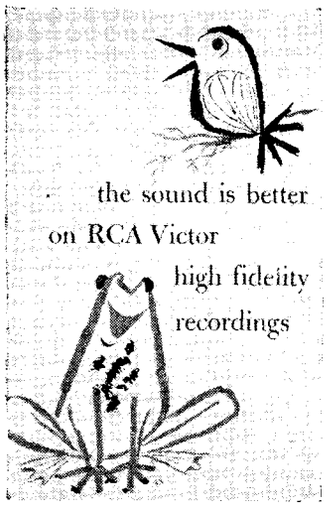

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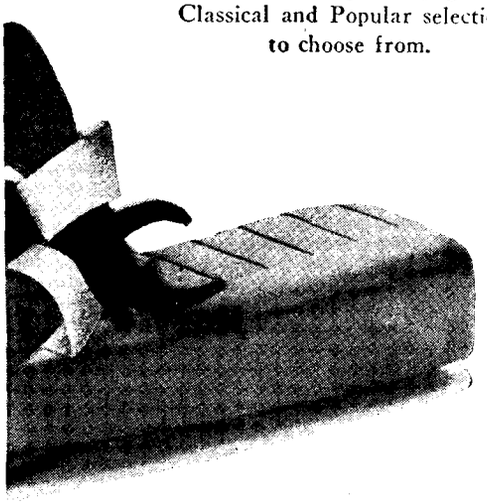

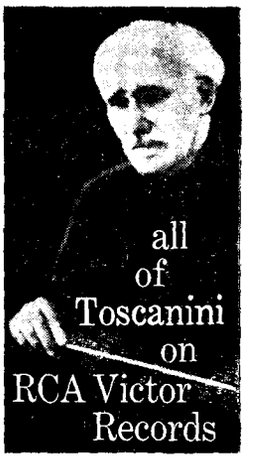

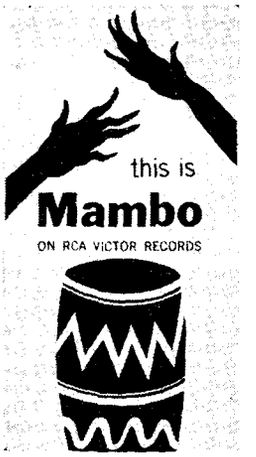

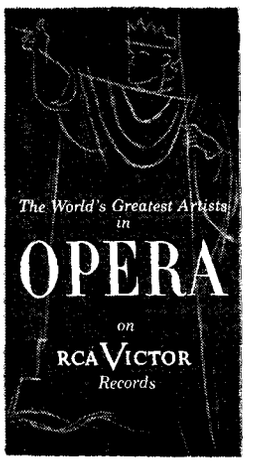

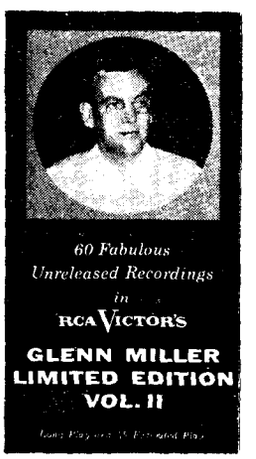

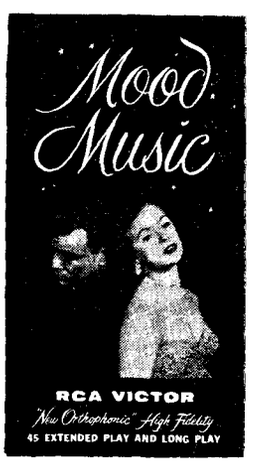

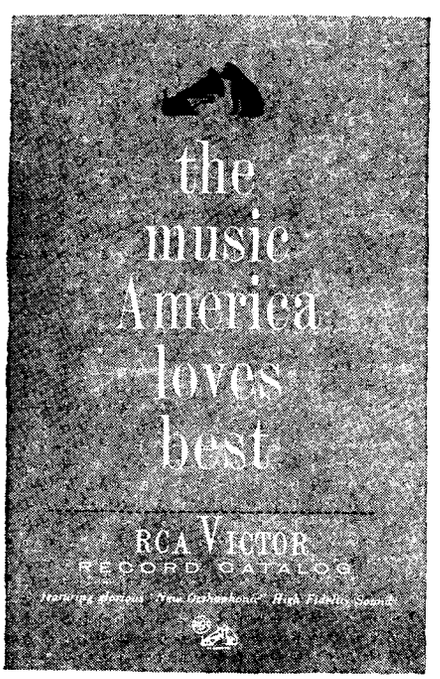

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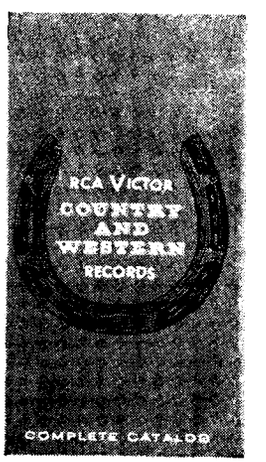

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The Critics' Best of 1954

WHAT would you get from a record critic for Christmas if he parted with what he considered the "best" orchestral recording of 1954? In the timehonored phrase, it depends. If you were on terms of such esteem with Herbert Kupferberg of the *New York Herald Tribune*, James G. Deane of the *Washington Star*, Oscar Smith of the *Akron Beacon*, Stella Mills of the *Portland (Me.) Sunday Telegram*, Ruth Tripp of the *Providence Journal*, Herbert O'Keefe of the *Raleigh News and Observer*, Norman S. Nadel of the *Columbus Citizen*, George A. Leighton of the *Columbus Dispatch*, Rena C. Holtkamp of the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, Jim Frankel of the *Cleveland Press*, Delos Smith of the *United Press*, Gid M. Waldrop of the *Review of Recorded Music*, Ronald Richter of the *Greater Philadelphia Magazine*, W. Harley Rudkin of the Springfield (Mass.) *Daily News*, or Shirley Bell of the *Charleston Daily Mail* the package under the Christmas tree would contain the four symphonies of Brahms and his other orchestral music as recorded by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra for Columbia.

However, if you were fortunate enough to be on Miss Bell's gift list, you would be twice-blessed, for she cannot decide firmly between Brahms-Walter and what is, in fact, the neck-and-neck choice of another segment of the press. That is one or the other of the Strauss recordings by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for RCA Victor. Miss Bell's preference is for "Also Sprach Zarathustra," a choice in which she is joined by Weldon Wallace of the *Baltimore Sun*, Paul N. Elbin of *Etude*, Bruno Ussher of the *San Diego Evening Tribune*, Mrs. Eugene Carter of the *Chattanooga Times*, Albert Goldberg of the *Los Angeles Times*, and Walter F. Grueninger of *Consumer's Research Bulletin* (who provides half-a-dozen other choices also). "Heldenleben" fanciers include Paul Hume of the *Washington Post* and Sim Myers of the *El Paso Times*. Cyrus Durgin of the *Boston Globe* and Emily Coleman of *Newsweek* give a blanket endorsement to both Strauss issues.

The splinter votes beyond these twenty-five or so are considerably dispersed, as might be imagined in a year of hundreds of fine orchestral records. As could be anticipated from the quantity and quality of his products, Toscanini attracts more favor than any other single conductor, with the following in support of his version, with the NBC Symphony Orchestra, of Schubert's C major symphony: E. Clyde Whitlock of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, Mrs. Eleanor Bell of the *Cincinnati Post*, Rudolph Elie of the *Boston Herald*, Mildred Norton of the *Los Angeles Daily News*, Elmore Bacon of the *Cleveland News*, and Francis A. Klein of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Sam Hood of the *Pittsburgh Press*, Ray Perkins of the *Denver Post*, Samuel L. Singer of the *Philadelphia Forum Magazine*, and Paul Affelder of the *Brooklyn Eagle* vote for the Wagner excerpts; while Joseph A. Barry of *House Beautiful* and Roger Dettmer of the *Chicago American* prefer the "Missa Solemnis." Other votes are offered on behalf of the Moussorgsky "Pictures" by Fredson Bowers of the *Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch* and Ann Holmes of the *Houston Chronicle*, and Dvorak's "New World" symphony by J. Albert Fracht of the *Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier* and Arthur Darack of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

CREME DE LA CREME

BEST ORCHESTRAL RECORDINGS: Bruno Walter conducting Brahms (Columbia).

Runner-Up: Fritz Reiner conducting Strauss (Victor).

BEST OPERATIC RECORDING: Erich Kleiber conducting "Rosenkavalier" (London).

Runners-Up: Maria Callas in "Tosca," "Norma," or "Cavalleria" (Angel); Arturo Toscanini conducting "Falstaff" or "Fidelio" (RCA Victor).

MOST COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE: Six Vaughan Williams symphonies, directed by Sir Adrian Boult (London).

MOST NON-COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE: "Listener's Digest" (RCA Victor).

FAVORITE MISCELLANEOUS RECORDINGS: "The Confederacy" (Columbia).

An enterprise that attracted the attention of Harold C. Schonberg of *The New York Times* and Edwin Miller of *Seventeen* is London's issue of the complete symphonies of Ralph Vaughan Williams. It was also listed a number of times under "Most Commendable Enterprise," as will be noted below. Also enjoying esteem as "best" in various quarters is William Steinberg's recording for Capitol with the Pittsburgh Symphony of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," selected by Clifford Gessler of the *Oakland Tribune* and Ray La Roque of the *Worcester Sunday Telegram*. The same conductor and orchestra performing the Tchaikovsky "Pathetique" is the choice of Henry S. Humphreys of the *Cincinnati Times-Star*. Mercury's "Concerto for Orchestra" of Bartok, as recorded by Antal Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony, is nominated by Norman L. Johnson of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, seconded by John T. Sherman of—you guessed it—Minneapolis's own *Star and Tribune*, and also acclaimed by Felix Borowski of *Chicago's Sun-Times*. Polling two votes is Eugene Ormandy's version of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" with the Philadelphia Orchestra on the Columbia label, the support coming from L. R. Boals of the *Youngstown Vindicator* and Conrad B. Harrison of the *Deseret News-Salt Lake Telegram*. Leo Lerman of *Mademoiselle* rates Ormandy's "Gaite Parisienne" as a top entry along with Vivaldi's "Stravaganza" on Vox though I hope he does not play them consecutively.

VIVALDI is also a preference of Irving Sablosky of the *Chicago Daily News*, who votes for four Concerti Grossi as played by I Musici for Angel. Other records "singled" out for endorsement are Angel's B minor mass with Karajan conducting, by Eric M. Bishop of the *Marquette Tribune;* Hindemith's "Concert Music for Strings and Brass" on Columbia, by Warren Twyford of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot;* the Munch-Piatigorsky version of Strauss's "Don Quixote" on Victor by Joseph H. Kitchin of the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, likewise David E. Pengest of the *Buffalo Evening News;* Holst's "Planets" on Westminster with Sir Adrian Boult conducting, by Jack Tracy of *Down Beat*, also Joseph Roddy of *Life* magazine, and Andre Cluytens' treatment of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" on Angel, by John Voorhees of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

By contrast with last year, when the just-released "Otello" conducted by Toscanini was acclaimed the "best operatic recording" of the year by almost a landslide (more than 50 per cent of all those participating), favor this year is broken down into three

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main categories: the London "Rosenkavalier," Maria Callas, and the still-productive Toscanini-NBC broadcast literature. "Rosenkavalier" is the first or only choice of twelve critics: Miss Norton, Hilmahr Grondahl of the *Portland Oregonian*, and the Messrs. Durgin, Schonberg, Richter, Waldrop, Frankel, Elbin, Humphreys, Bowers, Dettmer, Tracy. In the Callas corner are Messrs. Barry, Bishop, Sablosky, Grueninger, Bacon, Misses Holmes, Caldwell, and Bell, who vote for "Tosca"; Miss Coleman and Messrs. Leighton, Klein, Hume, Nadel, and Mrs. Carter, who favor her "Norma"; and Messrs. Ussher, Johnson, and Miss Tripp, who prefer "Cavalleria Rusticana." There are also two votes for "Lucia" (La Roque and Perkins). All, of course, are on the Angel label.

The Toscanini "Falstaff" is the most valued of his new releases this year, with ten supporters, though the very recent "Fidelio" has come along with six endorsements already. Other favor is dispersed among the Munch-Boston Symphony "Damnation of Faust," (six votes), Falla's "La Vida Breve" with Victoria de los Angeles (four votes), and London's "Salome" with Christl Goltz (two votes). Also remembered by a single critical voice are Falla's "Retablo de Maese Pedro" (Angel version), and the Bayreuth "Lohengrin" on Columbia. Mrs. Bell, who gave her operatic vote to the Toscanini version of the Verdi "Requiem" (saying: "It is an opera, after all"—and "better than Bellini, too") has a double negative on her propositions from this corner. However, she has strong support from Lily May Caldwell of the *Birmingham News* and Edward C. Brooks, Jr., of the *Times-Picayune (New Orleans)*, both of whom give it preferential position in the category of "best orchestral" recording.

In the area of "most commendable enterprise," London's Vaughan Williams project draws enthusiastic support from ten critics who selected some other single disc as "the" best orchestral recording of the year, but nevertheless value the magnitude of this accomplishment. Likewise, nine critics who favored another single item in the top of the listing gave thanks to Columbia for issuing the Brahms orchestral literature under the direction of Bruno Walter. Conrad Harrison, in listing both, put his division of emphasis this way: "A toss-up—with the Walter Brahms set perhaps the most memorable, and the Boult Vaughan Williams most commendable. Both great."

In more specialized undertakings the RCA reissue program of Schnabel playing Beethoven sonatas was commended by several critics, likewise the Haydn Society's "Anthologie Sonore," the Dylan Thomas and Sean O'Casey readings on Caedmon, and the Old Vic's "Midsummer Night's Dream" on RCA Victor. Messrs. Affelder, Gessler, Johnson, and Sherman (of St. Louis) go on record, specifically, for the Columbia series of Louisville Philharmonic "premieres."

The "miscellaneous" category—growing, of course, even as the number of such recordings in the catalogue has grown—finds a substantial unity among twelve critics on one item: Columbia's presentation called "The Confederacy." Lest it be suspected that this is a matter of party line (the line being the one drawn by Mason and Dixon), the evidence indicates otherwise. Among those to whom it appeals are Bishop of Marquette, Michigan, Klein of St. Louis, Smith of Akron, Miss Mills of Portland, Maine, Frankel of Cleveland, Rudkin of Springfield (Mass.), and Durgin of Boston, as well as Deane of Washington, Bowers of Richmond, Twyford of Norfolk, Caldwell of Birmingham, and Myers of El Paso.

There are, of course, many, many other records that come into such categories as "Best Instrumental Recording," "Best Vocal Recording," and "Favorite Popular Record," but little on which there is sufficient agreement to be regarded as representative of more than individual preference. Decca's recording of Orff's "Carmina Burana" has three supporters in the vocal category, several of the Milstein-Pittsburgh collaborations are given two or three votes apiece in the "instrumental" category, likewise Weill's "Three Penny Opera" (on M-G-M), the Capitol recording of Maria Kurenko singing songs of Rachmaninoff, the Roberta Peters disc of operatic excerpts, Kathleen Ferrier in her Brahms repertory, and Judy Garland in "A Star Is Born" in their various classifications. Not to be forgotten, either, is Poulenc's "Les Mamelles de Tiresias" (Angel), which is sometimes listed under "opera," sometimes under "vocal recording," twice under "most commendable enterprise."

Ask for "comment," and you are likely to get such critical opinion as the following: "Hope the warring Victor and Columbia [companies] don't get too gimmick-happy and get away from the essential business of recording music. They are not selling art works—yet," says Frankel of Cleveland. On the other hand, says Hood of Pittsburgh, "the record industry, in 1954, made great strides in art covers, commissioned articles for program notes, and in better packaging." Well, at least two respondents are in agreement on the "least" commendable enterprise of 1954, and took the trouble to make it a "write-in" non-favorite: RCA Victor's "Listener's Guide." This vote would make it three.

—Irving Kolodin.

"A caustic soda."

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Also from France comes the sonorous MAGNIFICAT IN D and other choral selections by CHARPENTIER (HSL-102); EIGHT ORGAN WORKS BY BACH on the great organ at the Parisian Church of St. Merry (HSL-104) and the gemlike 3 TENEBRAE SERVICES FOR HOLY WEEK by COUPERIN (HSL-105)

The great FINN VIDERØE continues his Haydn Society BACH ORGAN CYCLE — (and it will continue until all the Bach organ works are recorded) — with four works on HSL-128. Listen also to this organist play CHORALE PRELUDES ON HSL-3063; VARIATIONS, FUGHETTAS AND PRELUDES on HSL-94 and the 45 CHORALE PRELUDES of Set HSL-D. Denmark is the home of many superb organs, each with its own musical characteristics, and Finn Viderøe is the master of all of them. He is also a superlative harpsichordist — listen to THREE CONCERTI FOR HARPSICHORD AND ORCHESTRA, by BACH. (HSL-92)

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Theatre Music on LP

FEW things of the LP era have been more gratifying than the "candid" exposures permitted of the great, good, and perhaps not-so-good products of the Broadway musical stage in the last half-dozen years, a living record of a certainly dynamic aspect of American life never heretofore available in such profusion or detail.

To be sure, there have been "excerpts" and "selections" from prime Broadway products dating back to the time of Al Jolson and George M. Cohan, to Clifton Webb in "As Thousands Cheer" singing "Not for All the Rice in China" and "How's Chances?" or the original ORIGINAL prewar "Porgy and Bess." But these were tentative efforts at best, and irritating as much for what they omitted as they were gratifying for what they included. The recent, more inclusive procedure may reveal shortcomings, but also it gives all the rope necessary for all and sundry purposes.

SR considers itself fortunate to have discovered in **Richard Debnam** a youthful enthusiast for the *genre*, a person of inclusive knowledge and proper discrimination. A comparable summary relating to the substantial soundtracks of recent origin will be presented sometime soon.

"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN" (Berlin). Ethel Merman's rousing performance on this twelve-inch Decca 8001, $4.85, one of the pioneering "original cast" albums from way back in 1947, by the way, certainly overwhelms the version that M-G-M released years later with the stars of the movie, M-G-M E-509, $3. Betty Hutton and Keel. Merman and Berlin here are both at their biggest and best.

"ANYTHING GOES" (Cole Porter). Wonderful songs like "I Get a Kick Out of You," "Blow Gabriel Blow," and "You're the Top" sung precisely by Mary Martin and accompanied by a chorus which is not up to snuff. ML-4751, $5.95.

"ARABIAN NIGHTS" (Lombardo and Loeb), DL-9013, $5.85. Lauritz Melchior sings the role of the Grand Vizier on this "original cast" album. The reproduction is good, but the music is anything but 1-A. The lilting "1,001 Nights" is the only (come-away-from humming) tune which will stick. Helena Scott and Hope Holiday are the feminine songbirds and in good voice, too.

"ARMS AND THE GIRL" (M. Gould-D. Fields). Our only recording of this show brings Morton Gould's music together with the voices of Nanette Fabray, Georges Guetary, and Pearl Bailey, who is the star of the record with the delightful "There Must Be Somethin' Better Than Love," Decca DL-5200, $3.

"BABES IN ARMS" (Rodgers-Hart). On the Columbia recording, ML-4488, $5.95, Mary Martin puts in her usual appealing performance along with Jack Cassidy and cast. Victor LPM-S152 offers only four selections from the score whereas the Columbia recording is complete. Lisa Kirk's rendition of "The Lady Is a Tramp" is intimate and fetching. But if you have to make a choice, you can't go wrong with Columbia's version.

"BANDWAGON" (Schwartz-Dietz), $4.85. Last year M-G-M made a movie of this delightful score from a Broadway revue of the early Thirties. This recording is from the soundtrack. Fred Astaire, Nanette Fabray, Cyd Charisse are fine. One of the highspots is Astaire's very relaxed singing of "By Myself." The songs are brilliant. Mary Martin's version, C-M1 4751, is good too, but not complete. Victor LPM-3155 features Harold Lang and Edith Adams, both worth hearing.

"BLACKBIRDS OF 1928" (McHugh-Fields). Four choice selections from this "Blackbirds" score are presented with great "Know-How" by Cab Calloway and Thelma Carpenter. Miss Carpenter is unforgettable doing "I Must Have That Man" and "Doin' the New Low-Down." This recording deserves attention, LPM-3154, $3.15.

"BLOOMER GIRL" (H. Arlen-E. Y. Harburg). The combination of people and music has failed to make this "original cast" DL-8015 recording a captivating one. Cast includes Celeste Holm, David Brooks, and others. Repetitious and leaves much to be desired, $4.85.

"BOYS FROM SYRACUSE" (Rodgers-Hart). A ribald, first-rate score from the years when Dick Rodgers worked with Lorenz Hart. Portia Nelson and Jack Cassidy are only adequate in their singing assignments, but Bibi Osterwald is superb, Columbia ML-4837, $5.95.

"BRIGADOON" (A. J. Lerner-F. Loewe). The "original cast" RCA recording has everything a record should. A good cast with pleasing, but sometimes weak voices, and excellent support from the orchestra and chorus. Lee Sullivan sings with a convincing air, especially the beautiful "Come to Me, Bend to Me," RCA LOC-1001, $5.95. On the M-G-M record E-3135, $4.85, there is Gene Kelly, who doesn't quite have the voice to sing Loewe's music. The full orchestra makes pleasant listening. Of the two you cannot go wrong with the RCA recording.

"BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA" (A. Swartz and D. Fields). The best that can be said for this "original cast" album is that Shirley Booth and Mae Barnes are doing their share in trying to make this recording an enjoyable one. The composer who did the score for "Bandwagon" and other not-to-be-forgotten scores missed the boat with "By the Beautiful Sea." The lyrics are understandable and sometimes hysterical. The only show-stopping tune is an old one by the name of "In the Good Old Summertime" as a counterpoint to "Coney Island Boat," Capitol S-531, $5.95.

"CALL ME MADAM" (I. Berlin). RCA LOC-1000 put the "original cast" version out minus the star who made the show. Miss Merman's original role is sung by Dinah Shore—a lady of great talent, but not an E. Merman, $5.95. Decca 8035 has Miss Merman and some other people who fill in while she is catching her breath. It was Ethel Merman's show and it's the Decca record with E. M. you can bet on for the better results, $4.85.

"CALL ME MISTER" (H. Rome). Decca DLP-7005 offers very little in either performance or music. The art of capturing musical shows on LP records failed to help this Decca "original cast" album. Betty Garrett, Lawrence Winters, and Jules Munshin, $3.85.

"CAN-CAN" (C. Porter). It seems a pity, but Cole Porter's music and lyrics fail to make this "original cast" Capitol S-452 album worthwhile. More than ever before the lyrics are repeated time and time again. The bright cast helps out very little to make this a collector's item, $5.95.

"CARMEN JONES" (Bizet-Hammerstein). A jazzed-up version of Bizet's world-renowned gypsy opera. Both the "original cast" Decca 8014 recording and the RCA soundtrack from the movie are up to par. Either the RCA recording LM-1881, $5.95, or Decca-8014, $4.85, will be something you will want to own.

"CAROUSEL" (Rodgers-Hammerstein). The only complete recording of this lovely score is the "original cast" recording, twelve-inch Decca 8003. John Raitt delivers the magnificent "Soliloquy," possibly Rodgers and Hammerstein's masterpiece, $4.85.

"THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE" (J. Kern-O. Harbach). This Victor recording is the only one at the present time. However, the voice of Patricia Neway ("The Consul"), singing Jerome Kern melodies, is worth the whole record. This recording does not present the entire score. Some of the songs which may be heard are "The Night Was Made for Love" and "She Didn't Say 'Yes'." One of the RCA Victor "Show Time" series, LPM-3151, $3.15.

"CONNECTICUT YANKEE" (R. Rodgers and L. Hart). This score is not done justice by the cast on this RCA recording. The incomplete presentation of some fine songs that Dick Rodgers and Larry Hart wrote falls away without much magnitude. Al Goodman's orchestra, Earl Wrightson, and Elaine Malbin. Numbers like "Thou Swell" and "My Heart Stood Still" are out of Messrs. Rodgers and Hart top drawer. RCA LK-1026, $4.19.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (Noel Coward). Noel Coward, Lily Pons, and Columbia records fulfil their mission in this original recording on two twelve-inch Col. SL-163, $11.90. This is a play with music. Although this recording does not star musically, its stars give better than average performances. Mr. Coward presents his part artfully in his inimitable style. Lily Pons sings beautifully. Most notable song in the show is the enchanting "I'll Follow My Secret Heart."

"DOWN IN THE VALLEY" (K. Weill and A. Sundgard). This recording on Decca's DL-6017, $3.85, features Alfred Drake and Jane Wilson singing some of Kurt Weill's not-too-rememberable score.

"FANNY" (Harold Rome-S. Behrman). The "original cast" album has just appeared with Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, William Trabbert, *et al.*, in their original roles on RCA Victor LOC-1015 ($5.95). Eadie and Rack, duo-pianists par excellence, provide their own kind of treatment for the Rome tunes on Liberty.

"FINIAN'S RAINBOW" (Lane-Harburg). One of the finest Broadway musicals of the Forties provided one of the best "original cast" recordings of all time. The brilliance of the sound may be dated according to today's hi-fi standards, but the brilliance of the cast, lyrics, music, and arrangements cannot be questioned. Ella Logan, David Wayne, Donald Richards, and the Lyn Murray Singers are all fine, Col. ML-4062, $5.95.

"FLAHOOLEY" (E. Y. Harburg-S. Fain). Capitol has the only recording to date. This show album gets very little publicity, but in many cases is superior to some of show albums which we find on the dealers' counters. The score and lyrics are young and mellow. Although none of the music made the Hit Parade, it can't be overlooked. Yma Sumac lets loose with her four-octave voice on a couple of numbers.

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES" (Styne-Robin). Your choice depends upon whether you'd rather have the by-product of a good movie or a great Broadway show. Hollywood contributes Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell on ten-inch M-G-M E-208, $3. On C-ML 4290 Broadway gives us Carol Channing singing "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" plus the rest of the excellent original cast. This is a truly exciting musical show recording, $5.95.

"GIRL CRAZY" (George and Ira Gershwin). In 1952 Columbia released a joyous version with Mary Martin. It's a question whether one star should deliver material associated with another famous performer. But Miss Martin's renditions of the numbers made famous by Ethel Merman are excellent Mary Martin even if they're not good Ethel Merman. The quality of the songs, of course, is very high for "Girl Crazy," "I Got Rhythm," "Bidin' My Time," and "Embraceable You," ML-4475, $5.95. Another recording features Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney while they were still "Kids," doing excerpts with great zest on ten-inch Decca-5412, $3.

"GOLDEN APPLE" (Latouche-Moross). The musical that scored such a big hit last spring has been recorded in brilliant Victor sound and the "original cast" makes delightful music. Bibi Osterwald, Kaye Ballard, Portia Nelson, and others are wonderful. Once in a while there is a dull stretch, but for the greater part of the material we have only the best regard. RCA LOC, $5.95.

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"GUYS AND DOLLS" (Frank Loesser). Whether the material or performances are the bigger attraction, this "original cast" recording brings together some of the best performances that we may have the pleasure to hear in decades. Everyone on this recording gives an excellent portrayal in their respective roles. Vivian Blaine, Isabel Bigley, and many more too numerous to name turn in first-class recorded singing. If you don't have this Decca 8036, $4.85, you are missing one of the best.

"HAZEL FLAGG" (J. Stynes-Ben Hecht). This twelve-inch RCA Victor "original cast" recording features Helen Gallagher in the stellar singing role. She has good support from Benay Venuta and John Howard, but four stars go to Jack Whiting for his rendition of "Every Street Is a Boulevard in All New York." The record as a whole lacks originality and flair. Hugh Martin's vocal arrangements make it passable, LOC-1010, $5.95.

"JUMBO" (R. Rodgers-L. Hart). Another light and gay score from the pens of Messrs. Rodgers and Hart. One of "Show Time" series which Victor has produced gives us such tunes as "My Romance" and "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World." Lisa Kirk and Jack Cassidy give the songs fine quality and the sound greatly enhances their renditions, LPM 3152, $3.15.

"THE KING AND I" (Rodgers-Hammerstein). The music and lyrics from this score are so fetching that five recordings are at your fingertips. Here again, as in so many instances, the "original cast" version on Decca 9008, $4.85, is the best recording of all. Gertrude Lawrence's last appearance on Broadway was captured on this all-cast album along with its co-stars, Yul Bruyner, Doretta Morrow, and Dorothy Sarnoff. Miss Lawrence has a list as long as any Broadway star of her successes and "The King and I" is one of her best, even though vocally weak in some spots. RCA has a competent recording which is also in good taste, LK-1022, $4.19.

"KISMET" (A. Borodin). Robert Wright and George Forrest have vividly demonstrated that adapting the rich, flavorsome melodies of the classics can produce lilting melodies. The recording of "Kismet" is an inspired moment in musical-comedy records. This "original cast" album stars the versatile Alfred Drake as the poet-beggar. Doretta Morrow sings Borodin's music provocatively. This original cast Columbia album ML-4850, $5.95, will always be worth having.

"KISS ME KATE" (Porter). Actually the "original cast" recording with Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison, C-LM 4140, $5.95, is the only complete version. And every word of every lyric counts in this fine Cole Porter creation. Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel repeat their pleasant Hollywood interpretations of M-G-M 3077, $4.85. Both versions worth hearing; the one worth owning: the "original cast" record.

"LADY IN THE DARK" (K. Weill). For the fact that we are at last able to hear "Lady in the Dark" on long-playing records, we must thank Max Lieberman and the medium of television. This is a recording of the NBC spectacular show which starred Ann Sothern. Miss Sothern re-creates the role in which Gertrude Lawrence is so well remembered. The sound is good and the delivery will depend upon whether you like Ann Sothern or not. A welcome addition to your record collection, LM 1882, $5.95.

"THE LITTLE SHOWS" (Schwartz-Dietz). Here are just four songs from the many that Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz created for the wonderful series of "Little Shows" many seasons back. But they recall the unique quality of those revues that featured people like Fred Allen, Libby Holman, and Clifton Webb. On this recording, (LPM-3155) Carol Bruce, Sheila Bond, and Hiram Sherman show that the arts involved are certainly not dead, $3.15.

"LOOK MA, I'M DANCIN'!" (Hugh Martin). The only recorded version features the original Broadway cast with Nancy Walker and Harold Lang. This musical from several seasons back has several pleasant moments and a few ingeniously comic passages when Nancy Walker does "I'm the First Girl in the Second Row" and "I'm Tired of Texas." Unfortunately, most of this material has aged very young, Decca 3231, $3.

"LOST IN THE STARS" (Weill-Anderson). This musical version of "Cry, the Beloved Country" was given a splendid score by Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson. This album is a truly artistic experience, with excellent singing by Todd Duncan, Inez Matthews, Hubert Coleman, and chorus and orchestra conducted by Maurice Levine. A memorable recording, Decca 8028, $4.85.

"LUTE SONG" (R. Scott and B. Haighen). Mary Martin and cast bring music of poems, passion, tenderness, and romance on this Decca exclusive recording of "Lute Song." Miss Martin singing such songs as "Mountain Hi,

(*Continued on page* 41)

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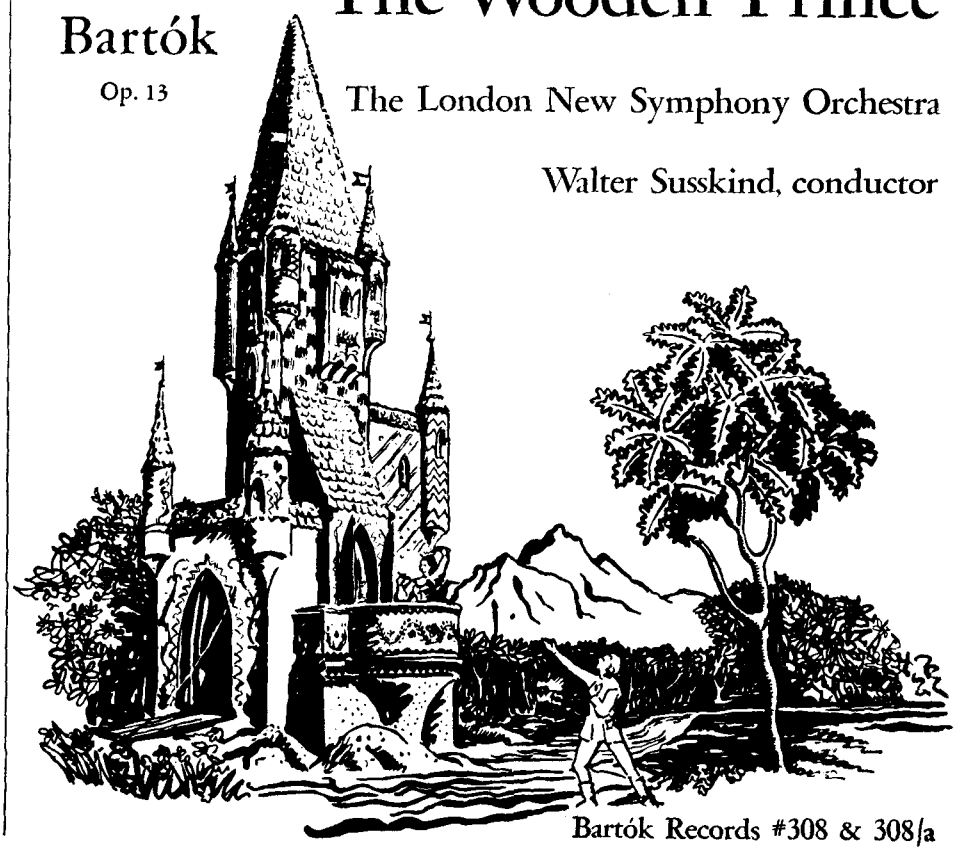

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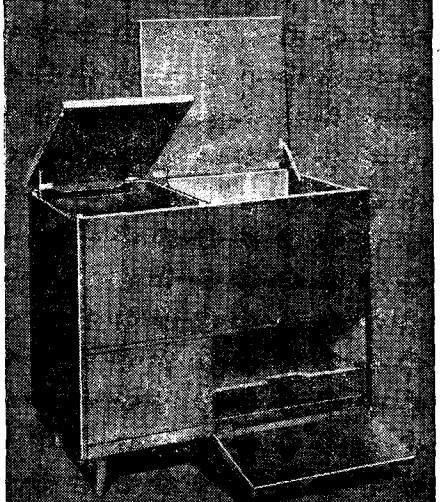

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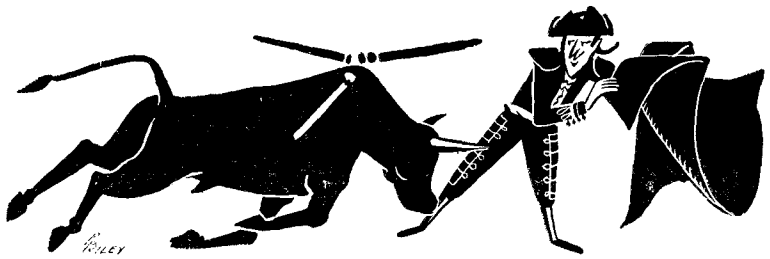

Introduction to Flamenco

By RALPH ELLISON

RECENTLY in Paris in Leroy Haynes's restaurant in the Rue de Martyrs, where American Negro fliers and jazz musicians bend over their barbecue and red beans and rice in an attitude as pious as that of any worshiper in Sacre Coeur, which dominates Montmartre above, a gypsy woman entered and told my fortune. She was a handsome woman, dressed in the mysterious, many-skirted costume of the gypsies, and she said that I was soon to take a journey, and that I was to find good fortune. I said jokingly that I had had good fortune, for after dreaming of it for many years I had been to Madrid.

"You went when you should have gone," she said, peering at my hand. "Had you gone earlier you might have found death. But that is of the past. I speak of good fortune in the future."

"There I heard real flamenco," I said, "and that is a good fortune I shall never forget."

"Flamenco," she said. "You understand flamenco? Then you must go see Escudero. You must hear Pepe el del Matrona and Rafael Romero."

"I've heard of Escudero," I said. "but who are these others?"

"You will see," she said. "You will see and hear also."

"This is real good fortune," I said. "I thought Escudero was dead."

"Not dead," she said, holding my hand over a damp spot on the tablecloth, "only old. But to see *him* is a little more than to take a walk. The fortune of your hand comes after a journey over water."

She then offered, for a further consideration, to tell me other things, but this was enough. I was amused (for sure enough we were flying home two days hence), my wife and friends were laughing that I had submitted to having my palm read, and the knowledge that the legendary Vincente Escudero was dancing again after so many years of retirement was enough good fortune for any one day.

So that evening we saw the old master in the full glory of his resurrection. Dry, now, and birdlike in his grace, Escudero is no longer capable of floor-resounding vigor, but conveys even the stamping fury of the Spanish dance with the gentlest, most delicate, precise, and potent of gestures and movement—reasserting in terms of his own medium a truth which Schumann-Heink, Roland Hayes, and Povla Frijsh have demonstrated in terms of the art of song: that with the great performer it is his style, so tortuously achieved, so carefully cultivated, which is the last to go down before age. And so with the singer Pepe el del Matrona, who at seventy-four is able to dominate the space of even the largest theatre with his most pianissimo arabesques of sound.

But more important here than the inspiring triumph of artistic style over Time was the triumph, in this most sophisticated of Western cities, of Cante Flamenco, a folk art which has retained its integrity and vitality through two centuries during which the West assumed that it had, through enlightenment, science, and progress, dispensed with those tragic, metaphysical elements of human life which the art of flamenco celebrates. Certainly Escudero and Matrona draw a great deal of their vitality from this tradition that contains many elements which the West has dismissed as "primitive," that epithet so facile for demolishing all things cultural which Westerners do not understand or wish to contemplate. Perhaps Spain (which is neither Europe nor Africa but a blend of both) was once more challenging our Western optimism. If so, it was not with pessimism but with an affirmative art which draws its strength and endurance from a willingness to deal with the whole man (Unamuno's man of flesh and blood who must die) in a world which is viewed as basically impersonal and violent; if so, through her singers and dancers and her flamenco music she

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was making the West a most useful and needed gift.

I haven't yet discovered the specific nature of the gift of fortune which my gypsy promised me, but until something better appears I'll accept Westminster's new three-volume "**Anthology of Cante Flamenco**" (WL-5303, -5304, -5305, $17.85 total), which has just won the Grand Prix de Disque, as the answer. Escudero isn't in it, but members of his entourage are: Pepe el del Matrona, Rafael Romero, and the great flamenco guitarist Perico el del Lunar, who along with eight other artists presents thirty-three excellently recorded examples of flamenco song style.

Cante Flamenco is the very ancient folk music of the Andalusian gypsies of southern Spain. Its origins are as mysterious as that of those of the gypsies themselves, but in it are heard Byzantine, Arabic, Hebraic, and Moorish elements fused and given the violent, rhythmical expressiveness of the gypsies. Cante Flamenco, or *canto hondo* (deep song, as the purer, less florid form is called) is a unique blending of Eastern and Western modes and as such it often baffles when it most intrigues the Western ear. In our own culture the closest music to it in feeling is the Negro blues, early jazz, and the slave songs (now euphemistically termed "spirituals"). Even a casual acquaintance with Westminster's anthology reveals certain parallels, and jazz fans will receive here a pleasant shock of recognition. Soon to be released free to those who purchase the "Anthology" is a forty-page booklet containing the text of the songs and a historical survey of flamenco literature written by Professor Tomas Andrade de Silva of the Royal Conservatory at Madrid.

Like Negro folk music, Cante Flamenco (which recognizes no complete separation between dance and song, the basic mood, the guitar and castanets, hold all together) is a communal art. In the small rooms in which it is performed there are no "squares" sitting around just to be entertained, everyone participates very much as during a non-commercial jam session or a Southern jazz dance. It can be just as noisy and sweaty and drunken as a Birmingham "breakdown"; while one singer "riffs" (improvises) or the dancers "go to town" the others assist by clapping their hands in the intricate percussive manner called *palmada* and by stamping out the rhythms with their feet. When a singer, guitarist, or dancer has negotiated a particularly subtle passage (and this is an art of great refinements) the shouts of *Ole!* arise to express appreciation of his art, to agree with the sentiments expressed, and to encourage him on to even greater eloquence. Very often the "Anthology" side containing the *cantes con baile* (dance songs) sounds like a revivalists' congregation saying "Amen!" to the preacher.

FLAMENCO, while traditional in theme and choreography, allows a maximum of individual expression, and a democratic rivalry such as is typical of a jam session; for, like the blues and jazz, it is an art of improvisation, and like them it can be quite graphic. Even one who doesn't understand the lyrics will note the uncanny ability of the singers presented here to produce pictorial effects with their voices. Great space, echoes, rolling slopes, the charging of bulls, and the prancing and galloping of horses flow in this sound much as animal cries, train whistles, and the loneliness of night sound through the blues.

The nasal, harsh, anguished tones heard on these sides are not the results of ineptitude or "primitivism"; like the "dirty tone" of the jazz instrumentalist, it is the result of an esthetic which rejects the beautiful sound sought by classical Western music.

Not that flamenco is simply a music of despair; this is true mainly of the seguidillas, the soleares, and the saetas (arrows of song) which are sung when the holy images are paraded during Holy Week, and which Rafael Romero sings with a pitch of religious fervor that reminds one of the great Pastora Pavon (*La Nina de los Peines*). But along with these darker songs the "Anthology" offers all the contrasts, the gay alegrias, buleria, sevillanas, the passionate peteneras, lullabys (nana), prison songs, mountain songs, and laments. Love, loneliness, disappointment, pride—all these are themes for Cante Flamenco. Perhaps what attracts us most to flamenco, as it does to the blues, is the note of unillusioned affirmation of humanity which it embodies. The gypsies like the slaves, are an outcast though undefeated people who have never lost their awareness of the physical source of man's most spiritual moments; even their Christ is a man of flesh and bone who suffered and bled before his apotheosis. In its more worldly phases flamenco voice resembles the blues voice, which mocks the despair stated explicitly in the lyric, and it expresses the great human joke directed against the universe, that joke which is the secret of all folklore and myth: that though we be dismembered daily we shall always rise up again. Americans have long found in Spanish culture a clarifying perspective on their own. Now in this anthology of Spanish folklore we have a most inviting challenge to listen more attentively to the deeper voice of our own.

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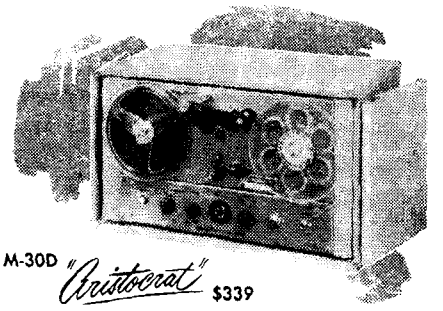

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Opera on LP—II

"ADRIANA LECOUVREUR" (Cilea). Despite the superiority of Favero and Nicolai in the leading female parts, COL-CLPS 1018-20, $16.35, *must yield to the mechanically better* Cet 1218, $17.85, with Gavazzi and Truccato Pace. Cetra's Prandelli is the better tenor.

"IL CAMBIALE DI MATRIMONIO" (Rossini). Opportunities to hear any of this music but the overture are so rare one wishes this production on Per-SPL 583, $5.95, had more to recommend it.

"IL CAMBIO DELLA VALIGIA" (Rossini). The *prima donna* on Per-SPL 595, $5.95, has possibilities only partially realized; the performance shares the characteristics of the last mentioned.

"L'ENFANT ET LES SORTILEGES" (Ravel). The unique fantasy of Ravel's score is well realized by conductor Bour and his cast on C-ML 4153, $5.95, *especially Sautereau as the Child* and Angelici as the Princess. The recording, not new, is still acceptable.

"EUGENE ONEGIN" (Tchaikovsky). A recording from the Soviet Union has been around for some years on one label or another, most recently as Col CRLP 127-29, $16.45. Mechanically it shows its age badly, though earlier *pressings were even less satisfactory.* The performance itself seems worthy enough. Welitch's "Letter Scene" on C-ML 4795, $5.95, is worth investigating.

"FEDORA" (Giordano). The cast of Cet 1222, $11.90, is headed by Caniglia in less than her best form, and Prandelli apparently not yet arrived at maturity. The singing may be better on Col-CLPD 1021-22, *$11.90, but the over-*brilliant recording works against it.

"IPHIGÉNIE EN TAURIDE" (Gluck). Of the cast assembled for Vox PL 7822, $11.90, only the tenor Simoneau shows a sense of the Gluckian style. The general impression is of a production hastily assembled and not over-rehearsed.

"THE JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY" (Foss). This Mark Twain opera is presented in recording as it was on the New York stage in an informal manner with piano accompaniment. The point depends on the singers' diction, which is not always too easy to follow. Ly-LL 11, $5.95.

"A LIFE FOR THE CZAR" (Glinka). The greatness of this milestone in the history of Russian opera must to a large extent be taken for granted as we listen to Van-VRS 6010-12, $17.85. The Bolshoi Theatre cast does not overcome an impression of dulness; the recording is strong enough, but uneven.

"LES MAMELLES DE TERÉSIAS" (Poulenc). A modern novelty, bursting with undercurrents and subtle meanings both literary and musical, is brought to superb life on An 35090, $5.95, by conductor Cluytens and a cast headed by Denyse Duval.

"THE MARRIAGE" (Mussorgsky). This curious opera, of which the composer completed only the first act, will not appeal strongly to those who do not speak Russian. Its pages and pages of recitative are delivered with unction on OCS 36, $5.95, by a French cast under Leibowitz.

"IL MONDO DELLA LUNA" (Haydn). Labeled "The Man in the Moon," and sung in German under conductor Weissenbach on Per SPL 703, $5.95, the innocent little comedy with its Mozartean melodies hardly gets a chance. The voices are adequate, but there is not much sparkle in the singing.

"MAVRA" (Stravinsky). Phyllis Curtin is the *prima donna* of Dial 12, $5.95, and Robert Craft the conductor. Whether it is the English translation that gets in the way of the very Russian music, or whether the conductor falls short of the true grasp of the piece, the results are only moderately invigorating.

"MAY NIGHT" (Rimski-Korsakov). This opera, known in this country by the Overture and an aria, appears to be no masterpiece in the Bolshoi Theatre production on Van-VRS 6006-8, $17.85.

"MAZEPPA" (Tchaikovsky). Laden with very Tchaikovskian melodies, "Mazeppa" remains popular in the Soviet Union, which accounts for CH-CHS 1310, $17.85, another Bolshoi Theatre presentation. The men, especially Ivanov in the title role, sing well; Pokrovskaya, as the heroine, does likewise after extended warming-up, but the recording is substandard.

"MOZART AND SALIERI" (Rimski-Korsakov). *This opera is a trifle, with some* of Mozart's music skilfully woven into its score. The performance led by Leibowitz on OCS 32, $5.95, is sung in French and rather stiffly.

"OBERON" (Weber). Bader and Fehringer are not equal to the virtuoso demands of the leading roles on Per-SPL 575, $11.90. There is some good singing in minor parts, but the re-*production is no triumph.*

"PIQUE DAME" (Tchaikovsky). Of two Soviet performances and one from Berlin, CH-CHS 1305, $17.85, is easily the best. The singing is on a higher level than in many recordings coming from Russia; especially Verbitzkaya as the Countess turns in a fine characterization.

"EL RETABLO DE MAESE PEDRO" (Falla). This delightful puppet opera is best served by the Spanish cast directed by Toldra on An 35089, $5.95, though that led by Halffter on W-WL 5238 is a good runner-up. Outstanding is the singing of the Don Quixote part in the former by Ausensi.

"RUSALKA" (Dvořák). A dependable German *cast under Keilberth makes a good case for* the colorful score on U-URLP 219, $17.85, but the score is quite heavily cut.

"SADKO" (Rimski-Korsakov). In the Bolshoi Theatre production on CH-CHS 1307, $17.85, the singing is well below American standards. The reproduction is bright and clear, but the balance is too much in favor of the voices.

"LA SERVA PADRONA" (Pergolesi). Tuccari and Bruscantini, under the guidance of Simonetto, have a good time singing this pleasant work on Cet 50036, $5.95.

"THE TELEPHONE" (Menotti). The curtain-raiser for "The Medium" is performed by the two well-cast young singers who introduced it to New York, on C-SL 154, $11.90.

"THAMOS, KONIG VON AEGYPTEN" (Mozart). The incidental music for a justly forgotten drama affords an opportunity for some good singing by Neidlinger on Vox PL 7350, $5.95. The orchestra plays passably under Reinhardt's direction.

"TIEFLAND" (D'Albert). The lurid score is sung with considerable proficiency by a Viennese cast on SPA 40-42, $17.85, with Margarita Kenney in the lead. Not all the singing is as steady as it might be, and the voices are all amplified to a consistent forte.

"LA VESTALE" (Spontini). The cast on Cet 1224, $11.90, is just about able to negotiate the broad melodies of this score without achieving anything like true distinction of style. As a reminder of how it was done, we still have Ponselle in two of the arias on V-LCT 10, $4.67.

"ZAIDE" (Mozart). This unfinished opera sounds more like a concert program than a dramatic presentation. Cuenod is the best among the accomplished singers, and Dobbs gives promise of even better things to come. (Pol 901-2, $11.90) —PHILIP MILLER.

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Theatre Music

Continued from page 37

Valley Low" and "See the Monkey" provides another testimonial to her artistry.

"MAKE A WISH" (Hugh Martin). This refreshing score rings with youth—a quality that the show as a whole unfortunately lacked. Lively performances by Nanette Fabray and Harold Lang on RCA LOC-1002, $5.95. Well worth investigating if you don't have it.

"ME AND JULIET" (Rodgers and Hammerstein) RCA LOC-1012, $5.95. Although the score is fresh and contagious, Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein have done better on previous occasions. Hammerstein's lyrics in "Keep It Gay" and "The Big Black Giant" are philosophical, and sound well on this all-cast album. Rodgers's music has again captured the unhackneyed treatment that a lot of "original cast" albums have failed to do. All in all a good treatment of stage life, love, and letters set to music and brought to the public by the medium of records.

"MEXICAN HAYRIDE" (Cole Porter). This sole recording of an undistinguished show presents Wilbur Evans, June Havoc, and Corinna Mura. Cole Porter has written an inadequate score, although, giving credit where it is deserved, "I Love You" is one of his great tunes. The remaining ones are not. An "original cast" recording on Decca's ten-inch 5232 lacks distinction.

"MISS LIBERTY (I. Berlin). Though there are two recordings of this show, the Columbia "original cast" version comes out on top with the complete score. Decca's ten-inch rendition with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians offers excerpts in his tried-and-true tradition. But for all-round presentation the Columbia record ML-4220, $5.95, is certainly the stronger work.

"MRS. PATTERSON" (J. Shelton, others). A play with music which is dominated by the talents of Eartha Kitt. This "original cast" recording is a fantasy with charm and listening to it would be greatly enhanced after seeing the play. Although the major part of this record is narrative, there are two pleasant songs on this RCA record, LOC 1017, $5.95: "If I Was a Boy" and "Bumble Bee" (a good blues number sung by Helen Dowdy).

"NEW FACES OF 1952" (R. Graham, J. Carroll, others). This recording is probably known to musical-comedy fans as a "classic." Its brilliant young cast has a knack for putting a song across. It moves at a swift pace with clever material and exciting performances. Here we have Alice Ghostley's "Boston Beguine," Eartha Kitt's "Monotonous," and practically the whole cast doing "Love Is a Simple Thing." This will be a welcome addition to your record library. RCA LOC-1008, $5.95.

"OF THEE I SING" (G. Gershwin). This Capitol "original cast" album, S-350, $5.95, is performed by the cast of the revival which was housed in the Ziegfeld Theatre a few seasons back. Jack Carson and Betty Oakes have the stellar roles on this solo recording. Songs which may be remembered are "Mine," "Love Is Sweeping the Country," and its title song, "Of Thee I Sing"—all of which are sung adequately.

"OKLAHOMA" (Rodgers-Hammerstein). Each of the complete recordings of the famous score has something to offer. There are two complete versions which make for pleasant listening. Decca's 8000, $4.85 (one of the oldest "original cast" albums), has the original cast and Alfred Drake in its favor. Then there is Columbia's later version which is better recordingwise. Nelson Eddy, Virginia Haskins, Kaye Ballard, and others, ML-4598, $5.95, give the Rodgers score a persistent bloom. Also, there is the incomplete ten-inch Victor LPM-3150, $3.15, and the ten-inch Royale 6045, $1.49.

"ON THE TOWN" (A. Green-B. Comden). Mary Martin sings the lead on this Decca twelve-inch 8030 "first" recording. Nancy Walker, who is from the original Broadway cast, along with Adolph Green and Betty Comden, the writers of the music and lyrics for "On the Town," are a triple asset, giving forth with the sparkle that made the show a smash on this Decca album, $4.85.

"ON YOUR TOES" (Rodgers-Hart). The Decca DL-9015 recording of the revival of this musical currently playing on Broadway has two big assets: improved sound and Elaine Stritch, $5.85. But for all-round performance the Columbia recording, ML-4645, which was the first recording company to release this show—not "original cast"—is far superior. The reasons for this are that the artists on the Columbia record have an extra added something which makes it much more convincing: Portia Nelson, Jack Cassidy, others, $5.95.

"OUT OF THIS WORLD" (Cole Porter). Mr. Porter has written finer scores, but never more daring or enjoyable lyrics. The presence of Charlotte Greenwood more than makes up for dull spots in the cast when she sings "Nobody's Chasing Me" and "I Sleep Easier Now." Columbia ML-4390, $5.95.

"PAINT YOUR WAGON" (A. J. Lerner-F. Lowe). The only complete recording of this robust score is the "original cast" recording on RCA LOC-1006, $5.95. It has one of the best singing ensembles on a single record. The male chorus possesses strong voices and the reproduction is as clear as a bell. The stars—Olga San Juan, James Burton, and Tony Bavaar—make this "cast" album highly successful indeed.

"PAL JOEY" (R. Rodgers and L. Hart). Either of the recordings of this incomparable work would more than just stand on its own. Columbia records made the first recording with Vivienne Segal coupled with Harold Lang. These two artists complement each other with their departure from the run-of-the-mill singing. Also on this piece are Barbara Ashley, Jo Hurt, and others, Col. ML-4364, $5.95. The cast on Capitol S-310, $5.95, brings together some excellent feeling for Rodgers and Hart's music. The chorus has a gum-chewing vulgarity perfect for certain songs, such as "Chicago." The above number together with "The Flower Garden in My Heart" is not heard on the Columbia record. Jane Froman takes the honors on the Capitol record. Helen Gallagher and Dick Beavers are more than acceptable in the singing roles.

"PAJAMA GAME" (Adler-Ross). To date we've only had the "original cast" version and that will do very well. John Raitt, Janis Paige, and Eddie Foy demonstrate what makes a Broadway hit a hit: top-flight show, lyrics, music, and performances. This one will brighten dull evenings for years to come, Columbia ML-4840, $5.95.

"PINK TIGHTS" (S. Romberg-L. Robin). The combination of Jeanmaire, Sigmund Romberg, and Columbia records fails to make "Pink Tights" a tight recording. The material is uneven and needs organization. The saving grace on this "original cast" album is the charm of Jeanmaire and good musical sound, ML-4890, $5.95.

"RIO RITA" (McCarthy-Tierney). The score of this RCA recording is neatly sung by Earl Wrightson and Elaine Malbin accompanied by Al Goodman and his orchestra. Pleasant but not outstanding, LK-1026, $4.19.

"ROBERTA" (J. Kern-O. Harbach-others). There are six LP records of this memorable show on the market to date. All have something to offer, but the Columbia complete version with Joan Roberts, Jack Cassidy, and Kaye Ballard does the most for one of the most beautiful scores ever to be presented. ML-4765, $5.95.

"SEVENTEEN" (W. Kent and K. Gannon). As gay and breezy as its title. You will enjoy this RCA Victor "original cast" recording, headed by Kenneth Nelson and Ann Crowley, who make this album as American as apple pie. Nelson's "After All It's Spring" brings mirth and joy into your living room. This coupled with Ann Crowley's "Reciprocity" makes this "original cast" album a pleasure to listen to. Better than average choral support, LOC 1003, $5.95.

"SHOW BIZ." Narrated by George Jessel this cavalcade of big moments of Broadway, Hollywood, radio, and TV covers fifty years of "Show Biz." No one will like all its contents, but it's fun to have tucked in a corner of the record cabinet for reference or a change of pace. Some of its performances are disappointing; for instance, we would like to hear Mr. George Cohan do more than a curtain speech. LOC-1011, $5.95.

"SHOWBOAT," (Jerome Kern). No matter which way you look at the many recordings of this magnificent show, you are bound to agree each fulfils the purpose it sets out to do. Columbia's ML-4058 has endless personalities to put across the material and this they do extremely well. Carol Bruce, Jan Clayton, Charles Fredericks, and an exceptionally gifted chorus give good accompaniment, $5.95. RCA has commissioned two fine voices in Dorothy Kirsten and Robert Merrill to sing the title roles. On a twelve-inch LM-9002, $5.95.

"SHUFFLE ALONG" (Blake-Sissle). A curiosity among current musical-show recordings, this one resurrects four selections from a revue of the 1921 season. Only "I'm Just Wild About Harry" seems worth recalling at all. But the renditions by Thelma Carpenter and Avon Long are all fine, LPM-3154, $3.15.

"SING OUT SWEET LAND" (Seigmeister-W. C. Handy, and others). There is nothing notable about this piece. If you are a lover of folk music then there may be something for you in this Decca recording 8023, $4.85. You may have

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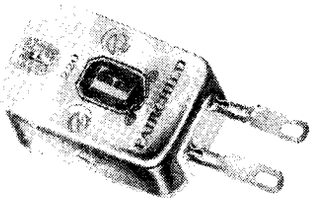

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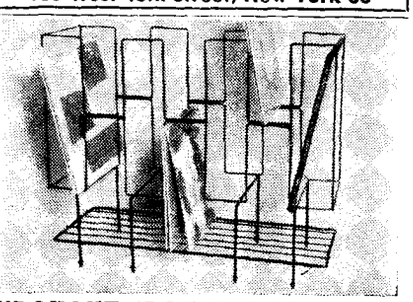

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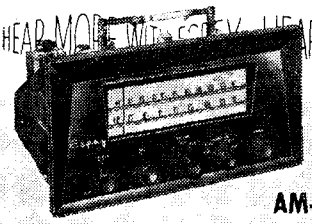

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heard of "The Blue-Tail Fly," which is sung by Burl Ives.

"SONG OF NORWAY" (Greig). Decca was fortunate in getting the original cast to do this appealing work. The music was freely adapted by Robert Wright and George Forrest from some of E. Greig's music and life story. The work has altogether attractive performances from its stars, Kitty Carlisle, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks, Decca-8002, $4.85.

"SOUTH PACIFIC" (Rodgers-Hammerstein). In spite of several arrangements of selections, there is still only one complete recording of this masterpiece among musical plays. Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin have become American classics for their work here, and it's certainly pleasant to have them permanently on twelve-inch Columbia, ML-4180, with Juanita Hall, William Tabbert, and everyone else in the original cast, $5.95.

"ST. LOUIS WOMAN" (H. Arlen-J. Mercer). Capitol Records has assembled the original cast of Negro singers to portray a thoroughly outstanding show on records. In each case the soloists outdo each other with their respective vocal chores. Don't pass this one up, L-355. $3.98.

"STREET SCENE" (K. Weill). A real effort has been put forth by Columbia records to bring this admirable work to the listening public. And they more than fulfil what they set out to do. This "original cast" recording, which is considered in some annals as an American opera, has three powerful stars to lean on: Polyna Stoska, Brian Sullivan, and Anne Jeffreys, and they leave nothing to be desired. ML-4139, $5.95.

"TEXAS' LIL DARLIN" (R. E. Dolan-J. Mercer). A real effort has been made in recording this show on Decca-5188. An "original cast" album. The performance is good, especially Kenny Delmar and Danny Scholl, $3.

"THIS IS THE ARMY" (I. Berlin). This is one of the few recordings that also has the composer singing some of his own material. Songs such as "I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen," "Oh, I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," and its theme song, "This is the Army," may be heard. Poor performances. Sound undistinguished, Decca 5108, $3.

"THREE WISHES FOR JAMIE" (R. Blane). Music that is colorful, gay, and human on this Capitol (S-317) "original cast" recording. Two songs which will make pleasant listening are "Goin' on a Hayride" and "You're My Heart's Darlin'." Anne Jeffreys's voice sounds like a good recording artist on this album. Also John Raitt, Bert Wheeler, Charlotte Rae, $5.95.

"TOP BANANA" (Mercer). Very routine material, this collection of words and music sounds as though Mr. Mercer dashed it off in an afternoon. Unless you're an avid Phil Silvers fan there isn't much reason to own this one. Capitol S-308, $5.95.

"TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN" (Schwartz-Fields). There would not be much worth preserving in this merely pleasant score if it were not for Shirley Booth's captivating singing of "Love Is the Reason" and "He Had Refinement." Perhaps that's reason enough to cherish this "original cast" recording, Columbia ML-4405, $5.95.

"TWO'S COMPANY" (V. Duke-O. Nash-S. Cahn). The whisky tenor of Betty Davis gives this Victor "original cast" album some attraction along with David Burns and Hiram Sherman. Betty romps through this album with great vitality and makes it fun in many instances. The music is undistinguished but the lyrics are witty and effective, LOC-1009, $5.95.

"TWO ON THE AISLE" (Jule Styne). Most of the material leaves a little to be desired, but the performances don't, for on this "original cast" version both Delores Gray and the great Bert Lahr are way up there at the top of their form, Decca-8040, $4.85.

"UP IN CENTRAL PARK" (S. Romberg, D. Fields). The magnificent voice of Eileen Farrell can be heard on this Decca album accompanied by Wilbur Evans. The lilting "We'll Be Close as Pages in a Book" will stick with you and Miss Farrell's voice will be hard to misplace in any case. Sound could be improved. Decca 8016, $4.85.

"WISH YOU WERE HERE" (H. Rome). The music and story on the all-cast RCA album LOC-1007, $5.95, is based on love at a summer resort. The gifted voices of Jack Cassidy, Pat Marand, and Sheila Bond are put to good advantage with some of Rome's not-too-rememberable score with the exception of the title song and "Where Did the Night Go?"

"WONDERFUL TOWN" (L. Bernstein). Rosalind Russell is a monotone, but never monotonous in this splendid all-cast version of the Bernstein-Comden-Green musical of a couple of seasons ago. It's altogether delightful, Decca 9010, $5.85.

—RICHARD DEBNAM.

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IDEAS ON FILM

Private Enterprise in Film-Making

EVEN at its most informal the production of motion pictures is still complex and expensive enough to cause uncomfortable obstruction to the individual who wants to make a film of his own. This month we note an array of lone operators who have managed to finance and produce—and in some instances write, photograph, direct, and edit—films worthy of commendation. Most of these independent film-makers earn their livings in one of the film crafts (one is a noted Hollywood cinematographer).

The one luxury enjoyed by the independent film-maker, and seldom known by his studio-bound confreres, is complete and utter freedom. If he is fortunate he can add to it the discipline and devotion of the professional. Ideas, time, and long labor are required, but often the most serious deterrent to individual film-making is the cash cost. Still, if he owns some basic movie equipment the unsponsored producer can keep costs to a minimum on such out-of-pocket items as film stock, printing, and sound recording.

One person who has done much to help find audiences and revenue for independently made 16mm films is Miss Rosalind Kossoff, a veteran promoter of the cultural film who now heads the independent distribution company Film Images. Three kinds of film which lend themselves well to the "individual approach" have been identified by Miss Kossoff—the social documentary film (which she feels can raise questions visually, even if it cannot give ready answer to today's complex problems), the exploratory "film as art" (often called the "experimental film"), and the cinematic visualization of poetry and literature (which Miss Kossoff says she is told is incredibly difficult to do well, "but none has said it was impossible").

One characteristic of these films, even the most negligible and neglected, is that each is a child born of love. A clear example of the private rather than organized devotion to its subject is Lewis Baer's newly released **"The Book of Job."** The film is a modest hymn in praise of William Blake's magnificent water-color illustrations of the story of the man Job in conflict with Satan and God. At times the rigid frame of the twentieth-century camera seems a square intrusion upon the magnificently free-floating forms, but this is amply compensated by the expanding beauty of the details of form, face, and hand seen in moving close-up.

For three years Lewis Baer had been wanting to make a film, collecting ideas and discarding them—until last year he saw the Blake paintings on display at the Morgan Library and knew he had found his subject. Within six months shooting began (facsimiles were used to enable camera experimentation), and six months later the film was finished. Mr. Baer's first work in film began after the war when he served as promotion and scriptwriter for Young America Films. From 1949 to 1951 he headed the film production of the Army's Civil Affairs Division, a re-education program for occupied countries which provided for production and distribution of sixty-five documentary films. Since the termination of that program Mr. Baer has been working as a free-lance, during which time he has made two teaching films "just for the fun of it" ("Chess Fundamentals" and "The Baby Sitter," both distributed by Young America Films).

Camerawork on "The Book of Job" was done under Mr. Baer's direction by Lewis Jacobs, himself an independent film-maker, master of practically all movie trades, scriptwriter, cameraman, editor, director, producer, distributor, movie historian, and animation specialist, with a more than friendly interest in everything experimental. "The Book of Job" (20 min., color) is distributed by Film Images, 1860 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

In **"Sculpture by Lipton"** Nathan Boxer introduces an artist whom he knows and presents his work to the public. The film's first observations are from nature, a curled leaf, an exploded seed pod, a massive tree trunk, and a fragile thistle, used by Seymour Lipton to make sketches for preliminary ideas. In his studio the sculptor labors to create form from sheets of steel, using welding torch, metal shears, and hammers for his tools. Live sounds give a full sensation of the clang and weight of the object as it takes shape. The film ends with a show of pieces, photographed individually, out-of-doors, and in the round.

The first-person narration voice of

"Well, as I was saying to Bernard Baruch this morning . . ."

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Lipton himself is appropriate, yet somehow inadequate to the film's pictorial fulness. Morton Feldman's prepared piano score is both musical and modern, and seems really to have been composed for and within the film.

Nathan Boxer has worked in films for about eight years, generally as a sound recordist. Recently he has been involved in the production of "Your Body Speaks" (posture and health) and "The Shoplifting Problem" (for department store employes). "Understanding Children's Drawings," which he made independently in 1949, was, like the Lipton film, "a really personal affair." "Sculpture by Lipton" (15 min.) is distributed by Film Images (see above).

Wheaton Galentine's **"Treadle and Bobbin"** is a whimsical novelty about an old-fashioned sewing machine. The up-and-down movement of the mechanism provides a rhythmic theme for the film, to which Mr. Galentine has added humorous and nostalgic shots of the familiar painted scrollwork and cast-iron configurations. There is no narration, and except for Noel Sokoloff's piano accompaniment the entire film is a one-man operation.

Last week Wheaton Galentine left the U.S. for a month's shooting in Rangoon, from where he will proceed to Egypt—both assignments being done for the International Film Foundation. His one regret was leaving unfinished his latest film abstraction, "Color Catalogue"—but a note of compensation is that he hopes to take some time off in Egypt, and later Greece, to do the shooting for some independent art films. Wheaton Galentine's "Treadle and Bobbin" (9 min., color) is also available from Film Images.

Times Square at night—neon and electric lights, upside down reflections in wet streets, out-of-focus abstractions—they've been photographed many times, but in John Arvonio's **"Abstract in Concrete"** there is much more than superficial form and color. The film finds pictorial strength in its fine blending of bare reality and shattering glitter. With the addition of careful editing, rhythmic construction, and Frank Fields's cocktail lounge-type music there is enough variety in mood and style to keep the film unhackneyed.

Mr. Arvonio began film work as a free-lance cameraman for industrial motion pictures, and for the past six years has been a sound-recording engineer. Film-making has been his hobby and pastime for over ten years. Currently he is putting together footage he made this summer of European traffic policemen, which together with additional footage from the Orient and the U.S. will be edited into a sort of international "ballet of hand movement." He is also reshooting on 35mm film some of the material he had done earlier, but never completed, on 16mm. "Abstract in Concrete" (10 min., color) is John Arvonio's first finished film, and is distributed by Film Images.

A valued apprenticeship in motion pictures began for Ted Conant as a very young man when he was able to work informally with the late Robert Flaherty. In the past year Mr. Conant has been directing the United Nations Korean Rehabilitation Agency's film unit, supplying material required for its program. But in spare hours and weekends he has completed three independent films, all quite useful in bringing to America a close-up picture of the Korean people and nation. **"Children in Crisis"** (10 min.) shows the aftermath of war upon the lives of Korea's youth. The sound track offers no formal narration, only music (plaintively played on a flute-like instrument) and live sound (the girlish laughter in school, the raucous speech of shoe-shine boys, the sharp punctuation of a baby's scream in hunger or in pain).

"Korean Phantasy" (15 min., color) is Conant's potpourri of scenes of colorful Korea. It is a placid film, delicate in tone and feeling, well suited to the temperament of the people and their ways. Music, color, and a bit of informative narration set off the intimate pictures of farm, village, and city life. The third film in the group is **"Korean Artist"** (14 min., color), which deals with the work of the painter Lee Hyung Pyo, who also assisted Mr. Conant in the production of "Korean Phantasy." All three are distributed by Film Images.

ONE of the few independent filmmakers who manages to make full-time occupation of it is Jim Davis, a Princeton painter and sculptor who for the past six years has been working exclusively with motion pictures. Over a dozen of his films are being circulated (one by the Museum of Modern Art, the others by Film Images). Photographically Mr. Davis is way ahead of that figure, but because of the high cost of music, recording, and prints only two or three productions can be finished and released in a given year.

Having started in films as a rank amateur who had to hire the services of a cameraman, Jim Davis now ranks as a professional among independent film-makers, albeit a self-taught one. Notice, for example, the technical growth that can be seen readily from "Light Reflections" (1948) to "Analogies No. 1" (1953). Most recently Film Images has released his **"Through the Looking Glass"** (10 min., color), which Mr. Davis describes as a distortion of the familiar forms of the human body, producing an effect similar to that of a nightmare. "Frankly," he says, "I made it with tongue in cheek, as a satire—and burlesque—on all the artists and movie-makers who prefer the unreal world of the dream, or the subconscious, to the real world of nature." There are reservations about this film, but one thing about it which can be enjoyed indiscriminately is its brilliant metallic color quality.

The noted Hollywood cinematographer James Wong Howe, who has recently gone in for independent feature production ("Go Man Go," starring the Harlem Globetrotters), has also taken a first step in 16mm production with the film **"Dong Kingman."** In it he shows the famous Chinese-American artist selecting a view in New York's Chinatown, and succinctly records the development of a water-color from first sketching to completion. At home Kingman is seen casually with his family, his paintings, and his cat—creating in sum a most successful film about a most pleasing artist. Narration was written by Tom Prideaux and read by Edmund Ryan. The film is, of course, of high professional quality, yet informal and personal in a way that only the individual approach can achieve. "Dong Kingman" (15 min., color) is distributed by Contemporary Films, 13 East 37th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Another film showing the creation of water-color is **"Brush Tips"** (18 min., color), a first film by Robert and Troy Lockard, husband and wife who teach art at Texas Technological College. Although the actual filming of the painting process was finished in one day (a water-color cannot be slowed down), still the film took several years to complete. Most of the work was done in summers and at odd time between the duties and pleasures of job and family. The film was shot out of doors with a Cine-Special set on a regulation tripod in the shade of an oversized lawn umbrella.

The Lockards have two films in mind for the future—one on the materials and tools of the water-colorist, one on the visual concepts of the painter. And maybe some day a film on children's art! "Brush Tips" is a more than satisfactory teaching film, clear and connected and natural in the sense of not being artificial. Prints are available for rental from Robert

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Lockard, Box 4132, Tech Branch, Lubbock, Texas.

From their outstanding collection of children's toys the well-known designers Charles and Ray Eames have made a charming little film called **"Parade"** (7 min., color). Loving attention is paid to each object in turn—miniature totem poles, monkeys, Chinese pagodas, elephants, and lollypops set to motion with imagination. Finally there is a burst of fireworks, and the film ends as a child's balloon loses its owner and floats away into the foreverness of the sky. There are no words in the films, but the calliope music and the hand-drawn backgrounds say all that need be said.

Another of the Eames finished films is **"Blacktop"** (10 min., color), which picks up the patterns of running water in the washing down of a schoolyard's asphalt surface. Although overlong for its content and development, the film is excitingly pictorial in many instances and represents a fully matured approach to film-making. Just recently the Eames have completed **"A Communications Primer** (22 min., color), a light-hearted study of the various kinds of communications and their common essentials. All three of the Eames films are distributed to educational groups only for rental by the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 W. 53rd, New York 19, N. Y.

Where will the independent film-maker go from here? Rosalind Kossoff views this situation with optimism. "An impelling force cannot be denied," she says. "Whatever obstacles may exist, man—and in this case it is the film-maker who needs to express himself—will allow nothing to deter or stem the urge of his fulfilment." But once the film is made there is still the problem of recognition. "One can only wish," Miss Kossoff says, "that those whose support is required to carry forth this finished work do not fail him."

"Those," it would seem, refers to you and me and anyone else who can be made interested in films produced under truly individual initiative.

—Cecile Starr.

16mm News

FILMS by a number of independent film-makers (Hans Richter, Ian Hugo, Jim Davis, Maya Deren, James Broughton, Len Lye, and others) make up the program of ten sessions in the series "New Frontier for Film" now being offered by the Cinema 16 Film Center at the New School. Classes run from December 16 to April 28, under the joint direction of Amos Vogel and Arthur Knight. Another series, "The Film and Reality," consists of ten feature films from Griffith's "The Mother and the Law" to Jean Cocteau's "Orpheus."

* * *

The formation of the Creative Film Foundation has been announced, its purpose being to receive donations and award grants in the interest of film-making as a fine art. Joseph Campbell is president. The address is Suite 301, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

—C. S.

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The Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Potter says of **The Falcon's Wing Press** edition of this highly important religious book:

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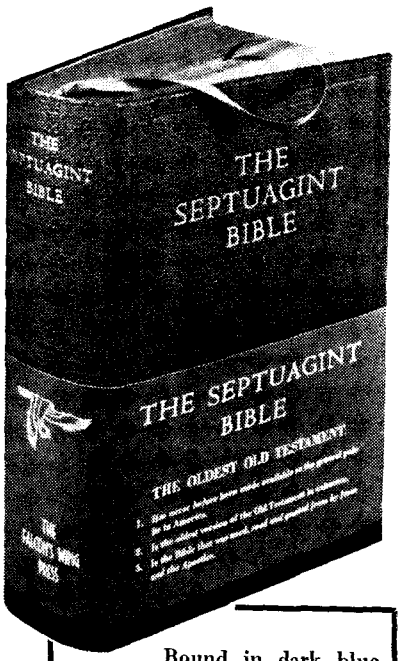

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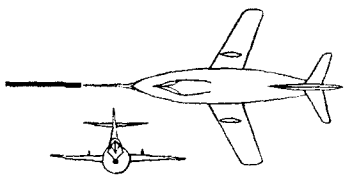

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

A Real Gone Gander

COPENHAGEN.

IT TOOK nearly nine hours of flying aboard history's first commercial polar flight before the sheer daring of the Vikings came home to me. We had flown Hudson Bay, flown the wriggling rivers of ice and the plains of dusted snow, and were three miles up over Sugluk on the southwest shore of Hudson Strait.

The carnival of the Hollywood send-off, Kleig-lit and decorated with the fragile femininity of Cyd Charisse, was part of another adventure at the far end of one's memory span. Now as we moved across Baffin Island the landscape was sheet-white as far as the eye could see, hills and dales a body under bedclothes. A land of apparition. Two hours later we were invading the Arctic Circle. The temperature at 17,000 feet was twenty-five below. It was clear by then that this was no local story for the Los Angeles papers. Nor do I think it is too much to say that it was a chapter in Viking intrepidity born in full view, and part of a saga that began nearly a thousand years ago when Eric the Red departed Iceland and planted a colony near Julianehaab in Greenland.

Here almost a hundred decades later the Scandinavians were still at it, forcing the frigid polar climes with a new type of transportation, forcing it with a strange cargo of politicians from California, movie stars from Hollywood, emissaries from Washington, assorted wives, and a cadre from the press to record it all for posterity. Up front Captain Ferdinand Buck, thirty-two, of Bergen, Norway, flipped a switch so that the whole plane could hear his conversation with the American Air Force outpost that lives on the Greenland ice. "This is Scandinavian nine-three-two, calling Bluie West Eight, over. . . . This is Scandinavian nine-three-two calling Bluie West Eight, over. . . ." Then out of the black Arctic night came a displaced voice from Dixie. It belonged, I later found out, to Airman First Class Paul L. Plunk of Savannah, Tennessee, and it said, "Scandinavian nahn-three-two. Turn a lil' fathah to the raht for mo' positive ah-den-ification, ovah. . . ."

Roger. Left zero, eight zero.

Have you in positive ah-den-ification at twenny-nahn mahls south of runway. You'll have a dawg-laig approach fahv mahls from touchdown. Is that cleah?

That is understood.

Scandinavian nahn-three-two. Yo' position is twelve mahls west of runway.

This is Scandinavian nine-three-two. Roger.

Start yo' descent at fahv-fahv zeé-ro feet per minute . . . you're groundin' out nahssly on flaht path . . . ver' nahss rate of descent . . . one zeé-ro fahv . . . on glahd path . . . six mahls from touchdown . . . fahv degrees futhuh left . . . fahv and three-quota mahls from touchdown . . . ver' nahss rate of descent . . . fahv degrees futhuh raht . . . youah fo' mahls from touchdown . . . continue normal rate of descent . . . three mahls from touchdown . . . excellent raht of descent . . . one zeé-ro seven, back on glahd path . . . thass ver' nahss adjustment . . . one degree to the raht . . . one an' one quota mahls from touchdown . . . now back left . . . tain feet below glahd path . . . youah on course . . . comin' up nahssly . . . approachin' youah GCA touchdown.

THE rubber tires scrubbed the runway at Bluie West Eight. I looked at my watch. It was one minute after half-past three in the afternoon in Los Angeles. Captain Buck reversed his propellers and blew up a swirl of snow. Said the voice from Bergen, Norway, in the land of Grieg, to the unseen voice from southwestern Tennessee, "This is Scandinavian nine-three-two. Thanks for your cooperation."

On the runway was a horde of men in blue parkas trimmed with monkey-fur. They wore huge white Arctic boots. If polar passengers were expecting Eskimos, they found GIs. One carried a sign that read, "Los Angeles—City Limits." Almost all had cameras. There wasn't much choice of activity up on Bluie West Eight. "How does it go?" I asked Airman Second-Class Joseph T. Hathorn of Pontiac, Michigan: "Oh, I'm adjusted," he said as he shivered in an Eisen-

—Vagn Hansen, Royal Danish Ministry for Foreign Affairs.

Eskimos at home and at work—"then out of the Arctic night came a displaced voice from Dixie."

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hower jacket. The temperature stood at twelve. "We've got it good," a soldier said. "This place is a real gone Gander." Said another, "Why there's a girl behind every tree." And when your eye scanned the horizon you saw that nary a bush grows on this rock.

Actually, the first two females have arrived on the base and more are coming. They are Ebba Sveistrup, twenty-two, of Veila, Denmark, and Elsa Jensen, thirty, of Svenborg. When I talked to them they had been four days on the base, and Miss Sveistrup was insisting she had no intention of marrying an American. "I like Danish men," she told me with some emphasis.

Miss Sveistrup and Miss Jensen have been imported to help run the new hotel which Scandinavian Airlines has built to protect passengers in case of flight delays over the polar route. It is a prefabricated building and its lobby is decorated with modern red Danish lamps hanging over blue tables. Showcases offer souvenirs whittled of narwhale bone, and dolls of sealskin. A polar-bear rug hangs on the wall. There are six double rooms for ladies and the lounge has eighteen disappearing beds and can be transformed into a dormitory.

The opening of this strange territory to the airplane passenger is somewhat akin to the first days of transatlantic aviation after World War II, when Europe-bound Americans found themselves in the wilds of Newfoundland, in the emerald fields of Shannon, Ireland, or even in the far reaches of Iceland, all of which became popular midway ports.

Those who made Shannon Airport such a pleasant place to land when traveling between the Continent and America can take credit for helping to popularize Irish tourist travel today. Something of the same thing might happen to Greenland, the world's largest island, and in most areas not very green at all.

The distance from its northern extremity to its southern tip when placed over a map of Europe would stretch from Copenhagen or London to the middle of the Sahara desert. Greenland is not a colony of Denmark, but has been integrally incorporated into the nation, increasing the size of the mother country fifty times. Or to put it another way, Greenland is four times larger than France.

Most of the island is inside the Arctic Circle, and the northern areas have four months when the sun never sets and four months when it never rises. But the southern tip is really no farther north than Oslo or the Shetland Islands, and in the summer

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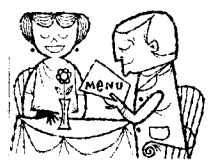

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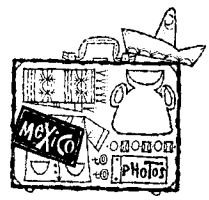

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the fields are lush with flowers and cranberries, crowberries and cowberries.

Greenlanders have named the parts of their country with imagination. One peak is called Umanak or Heart Mountain because to hunters it looked like the heart of a seal. Akuliarusek means Root of the Nose or Valley of the Eyes. The Danes even came up with one of their own. An arresting mountain is known as Djaevelens Tommelfinger, which is to say, The Devil's Thumb.

THE big island seems to be undergoing a great social change, from a system of natural economy, under which the hunter killed what he needed, to an economy based on money. European suits are becoming popular, the turf hut is disappearing.

Greenland's move to urbanity is largely in its cluster of neat frame houses, with a population as high as 1,200. Trading centers with a general store and bare community necessities number a hundred or two. A "settlement" is merely the home of a lone hunter and his family. Here you will still find the turf hut with rafters made of split driftwood and windows of stretched intestinal skin pierced with a peep hole. Chopped up seal blubber lights the lamps of these remote areas, and a couch is sleeping equipment by night and sitting room by day.

Hunters may still take out in flimsy kayaks with their fur garments stretched to the rim of the manhole. In case of a watery somersault only their face gets washed. Old ladies still tie their hair in a top knot, which is the local fashion, and women still appear in beautifully embroidered skin boots and trousers, especially on Sundays. Children play in a *tingmiak*, which has a dogskin hood and wristlets, and skin boots. Special occasions will bring out the men in a white *anorak* and dark trousers, the soup-and-fish of the North. Birthdays are still celebrated with rounds of coffee drinking. The relatives are invited first. Then the children are sent out to call in the friends and neighbors. It's impossible to invite everyone at the same time because there isn't enough chinaware.

There are no illiterates in Greenland today, and the local paper is called *Atuagagdluitit*, which would seem cause for some difficulty with hawking newsies, if any. It's a hundred years old and comes out like clockwork once every two months. The first American writer to be translated into the Greenland tongue was John Steinbeck with "The Pearl," which was tapped in 1953.

The morning after Greenland we came down over the top of the world. Dawn came up over the Kattegat, and Denmark, land of the fairytales, lay below under pink puffs of clouds. "You are the realization of the dreams of our forefathers," said a Dane at the airport ceremonies. And while the descendants of Eric were enjoying a dream come true, Mayor Norris Poulson, a man who bears a striking resemblance to Harold Lloyd, and who represented the city at the opposite end of this run, paraded around Kastrup Airport holding a sign acquired in Greenland. It was the one that read: "Los Angeles—City Limits."

But the first flush of success had barely subsided before the Vikings were astir with new plans. Five days after the first polar plane landed the *Dagens Nyheder* broke a story that SAS had plotted a route to Tokyo from Copenhagen by way of Bodö, Norway, and Fairbanks, Alaska. Using DC-7Cs, to be delivered in the spring of 1956, the route would lie dead over the North Pole, cutting the present time of fifty to sixty hours in half. The flying distance would be reduced by 3,750, and even so would be required to detour around Russian territory. Were the Russians to open an airport in Northern Siberia the route could be shaved another four or five hours.

While SAS is off to a racing start, its success in polar pioneering is certain to bring competitive assaults by other airlines. Canadian Pacific Airlines is talking of a route from Vancouver over the top to Amsterdam. Air France is sketching plans to fly superconstellations over the ice to the Orient, and similar talk has been upcoming from BOAC. First to follow the Viking trails will probably be Pan American, flying from its West Coast ports to Copenhagen. At the moment Pan-Am is playing the waiting game to see just how profitable this route will be.

The happy Danish capital, with good connections for the rest of Europe, seems certain of emerging as one of the world's important aviation centers. Kastrup Airport, fitted now with handsome Danish modern furniture, has great plans for moving platforms to convey passenger to plane, and for considerable enlargement to accommodate the 225 flights—double the present number—that will land or leave from Copenhagen every day. Even now, fitted with handsome Danish modern furniture, the shops glittering with Danish silver and the whimsy of Winblaad's ceramics, *Tuborg* and *smørrebrød* flowing in a steady stream from the spotless lunch counters, it could hardly be a more inviting place to descend to from the clouds. —HORACE SUTTON.

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Peace of Mind

Continued from page 11

peace of mind business. Having been originally trained in the physical sciences, I would like to start with a few remarks on the physical concept of peace. Because it is an easy and a basic example, let us talk about the temperatures of different parts of a physical system. When is the heat energy of a physical system "at peace"? Only when every part of the system is at exactly the same temperature. What happens then? Absolutely nothing.

This is, of course, the situation of the "heat death" which popular expositors of science have made familiar. The basic tendency of the purely physical world is to run down—to degrade itself into an awful state of intolerable sameness in which everything would be at precisely the same temperature, in which no heat energy would ever flow from one point to another, and in which no energy could ever be extracted from one part of the system with which to accomplish elsewhere some useful purpose.

This is the physical counterpart of perfect ultimate boredom. Nothing happens: nothing can happen: nothing ever tries to happen. This is physical peace.

Physicists have a little humorous puzzle which asks: how can you prove that the temperature of Hell is uniform? The answer is that if the temperature were not the same at every point then some physicist in Hell (it is always conceded that there will be plenty of physicists available there) would set up a heat engine which would use this difference of temperature as a means of making energy available. This physicist would then use this energy to run a refrigerating device which would cool down some place in Hell until it was at a comfortable temperature. But it is contradictory to the basic notion of Hell for any spot in it to be comfortable. Thus one concludes, by a classical *reductio ad absurdum,* that the assumed difference in temperature can't exist. Hell is at a uniform temperature.

THIS story is relevant to our discussion here. For note carefully what place, by physical reasoning, is at a uniform temperature—what place is at "heat peace." It isn't Heaven; it's *Hell.*

But the insensible world of atoms and molecules, of thermodynamics and statistical mechanics—this, you will at once remark, is not fair territory. It is peace *of mind* that we

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were supposed to be talking about.

All right. Let's turn to the biological world. What premium does it place on peace?

Just suppose that the elemental forms of life, millions of years ago, had been content with their lot. Just suppose that protoplasm had not been restless and adventuresome. Just suppose that there had been no conflict, no unconquerable urge, no drive for life to evolve and for higher forms to emerge. Just suppose that the accidents of mutations, the tragedies of trial and error—often cruel in the individual cases but essential to the great upward sweep of life—had not occurred. Where would you and I be now? Single-celled, untroubled by responsibilities and with no stimulus to improve, we would be at perfect peace, inert in the cool cosmic slime.

No, you protest. You are not talking about geologically ancient life, you are talking about modern man. *You, now and here,* are asking for peace of mind.

Well, really now, are you? Are you satisfied with the state of the world? Are you content with the behavior of modern men? Have you reached the point where soporific relaxation is the real goal, where more than anything you want rest and quiet and protection from stimulation? Has your ethical system taken the oriental turn of seeking *nirvana,* of closing your mind to contemporary turmoil, of desiring most of all a kind of resigned and hypnotic release into the infinite?

If that's what you want count me out. You go to your church, and I'll go to mine. I want no sluggish languor, no bovine complacency. A phenobarbital philosophy does not appeal to me. I want to be concerned, stimulated, stirred, worried. I most emphatically prefer a divine discontent to peace of mind.

THE philosophical concept of a world desirably at complete rest in some ideal state was an understandable part of the system of the Middle Ages, taken in large part from Aristotle's concept of a great design. As Bronowski has said in his superb little book "The Common Sense of Science," medieval philosophical and religious thought considered that the then unfortunately disorderly world "seeks its order in a great ideal hierarchy of how it ought to be. And it ought to be a still perfection."

The concept that peace of mind is the great desideratum is also and clearly allied to the principle of nonactivity which, as Schweitzer has recently emphasized, flows directly out of a negation of the world. This negativistic attitude, Schweitzer says, "is professed by the thinkers of India, and by the Christianity of antiquity and of the Middle Ages." The contrasting attitude of activity and of "passionate affirmation . . . interesting oneself in the things of this world and in the life we lead in it" —he states to be characteristic of "the Chinese thinkers, the Hebrew prophets, Zoroaster, and European thinkers of the Renaissance and modern times."

Modern times? Are we slipping back, and how far? For what do you think about peace of mind, Galileo and Darwin? Are you in favor of it, Luther and Cromwell? Is this what we learned from you, Thoreau and Whitman? Is this what you had in mind for our own nation, Governor Bradford and Roger Williams, Ben Franklin and Thomas Jefferson?

Most specifically of all, peace of mind is not what I ask from religion. To pray for peace of mind appeals to me as a rather unpleasant insult to the God of the restless cell, of the blazing novae, of the swirling nebulae. The God, in short, of progress, not of stagnation.

Peace of mind is a state which I trust will not come to me as long as I am alive. It is very possible that peace of mind will in fact come after death. Death is a state which I recognize as inevitable, a state I do not understand, a state I do not fear—but a state which I do not propose to adopt any more promptly than proves necessary.

God pity me on the day when I have lost my restlessness! God forgive me on the day when I am satisfied! God rouse me up if ever I am so dull, insensitive, lazy, complacent, phlegmatic, and apathetic as to be at peace!

Comprehension

By Martha Banning Thomas

ALWAYS the gale behind the cloud.
Unseen—
And the message, never spoken aloud
In the clean
Cold crypt deep in the cavern's stone,
The word
Unknown, yet of its substance, known
And heard
By the heart's leap. The preoccupied
ear,
Abused
And deafened by living, can only hear
Confused
And trivial clangor . . . the essential
sound
Is thinned
Into the air, the receiving ground,
Or the wind.

Americana

Continued from page 20

they earned a place, frequently unfavorable, in the informal chronicles of the time. Notestein's book, brief, clear, and readable, is one which no American with a spark of historical or even genealogical curiosity can afford to miss.

Civil War Derring-Do

HOMEGROWN MATA HARIS: In the opening portrait of **"Spies for the Blue and Gray,"** by Harnett T. Kane (Hanover House, $3.50), Kane manages to pack into fifty pages—without appearance of crowding—the whole incredible adventure of Mrs. Rose Greenhow. The best known Confederate spy, she gave probably in the one instance of First Manassas the most valuable single piece of information during the war, in its effect on history. While the Union crowds were gathering outside Washington to witness McDowell's quick crushing of the Confederacy's bid for independence Mrs. Greenhow got to Beauregard's headquarters the definite message: "McDowell, with 55,000 men, will advance this day . . . on to Manassas via Fairfax Court House and on to Centreville." With this information, Joe Johnston's army —including what was to become the historic brigade of Stonewall Jackson —rushed from the Shenandoah Valley in support of Beauregard, and the Rebellion was not crushed.

After this contribution Mrs. Greenhow endangered the success of her spy-ring in Washington by flaunting her Southern sympathies. She had been a famous hostess in the brilliant prewar Washington society (was for a time squired by President Buchanan) and the lady did love the limelight. Pinkerton went after her with devices in the tradition of the modern Private Eye and she was soon arrested, to become a source of embarrassment to the Union and not too much help to the Confederates, except in morale. Kane follows her story vividly to its personally tragic end.

In dealing with her counterpart in Richmond, "Crazy Betsy" Van Lew, he follows the line of gallantry in accepting this fanatical Unionist (her parents were Northerners) at her own evaluation. Supposedly she had the Confederate war office honeycombed with spies and for a certainty she maintained communications with the encircling Union armies which established her, in the minds of Grant and other generals, as a devout patriot. Yet, her most publicized proven ex-

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ploit was secretly to remove the buried body of young Dahlgren, the would-be raider on Richmond, which only caused consternation and hard feelings on both sides. As a self-glamorizer, Crazy Betsy rivaled even Mrs. Greenhow, and it is a commentary on what is sometimes called "the last war of chivalry" that she appealed for protection to President Davis against the people she was trying to betray.

Along with Virginia's Confederate spy, Belle Boyd, and New Orleans's Union spy, Pauline Cushman, Mr. Kane shows very clearly that our homegrown Mati Haris were at least as interested in their own aggrandizement as in their causes.

THE men were the pros. Mr. Kane does a fine job on Timothy Webster, the most effective Union spy who operated in Richmond, though he fails to mention—a fact which he knows—that in Webster's public hanging the prostitutes in hired hacks caused the greatest traffic jam in the history of Richmond. He does an equally good job on the less celebrated spies, especially in the West, and such is his gift in writing of this derring-do that you frequently forget these were men and women who actually risked, and sometimes lost, their lives for causes, heroics, or a job.

Having done two previous books on Confederate characters, Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Robert E. Lee, Mr. Kane has a mastery over his material that makes it possible—as all too frequently it fails to be in specialized aspects of the war—to relate his immediate action to the total situation without an obvious intrusion of facts. Thus, while the episodes read like escape fiction, the book is a most solid contribution to an understanding of the relatively primitive and highly personal systems of espionage evolved in an internecine war.

—CLIFFORD DOWDEY.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Keats: Sonnet: "Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art." 2. Matthew Arnold: "The Buried Life." 3. Wordsworth: "Elegiac Stanzas." 4. Samuel Johnson: "The Vanity of Human Wishes." 5. Pope: "The Rape of the Lock." 6. Pope: "An Essay on Man, Epistle I." 7. Byron: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV. 8. Wordsworth: "Character of the Happy Warrior." 9. FitzGerald: "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." 10. Shelley: "Epipsychidion." 11. Goldsmith: "The Traveller." 12. Arnold: Sonnet: "East London." 13. Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village." 14. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

his book and put the book's problems into another character—say a nice banker or a nice real-estate agent.

—PAT FRANK.

PROBLEMS IN THE PARSONAGE: Sometimes it is hard to be sure just what a book's message is, though you may feel that one is there. This is the case with **"The View from the Parsonage,"** a new novel by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Harper, $3.50), which, despite its title, is not so much about a religionist as it is about an atheist. The view mentioned in the title is that from the house of the Rev. Henry Chamerlin, vicar of Ebony, on the Kent-Sussex border, and within the view lie the colored roof-patterns and oast kilns which make up Palster Manor, where Adam Cryall, once a clergyman himself, lives along with his own children and the seven children of his long-time friend Edward Boutflower, a man who found Catholicism at the same time that Adam became a militant atheist. Miss Kaye-Smith combines the *motiv* of a titanic fall—the warning tale of the apparent success but total destruction of Adam Cryall and his family—with a long, leisurely recitative about curates at teas, the differences between church and chapel folk, the distinctions between yeomen and peasants, and church wardens and church vergers, and sextons and beadles. The exterior tale moves like an English village fete, mottled with cocoanut shies, flower-show music, vegetable exhibits, and tents. The interior tale is about "the categorical imperative" and its lack, about the class distinctions that wreck Adam's daughter's marriage to a man of lower birth, and about the shallow conventions that make Adam's second daughter's marriage to one Lismore seemingly satisfactory. One suspects that Miss Kaye-Smith's theme is that God is a jealous God, visiting Adam Cryall's rejection of Him to the third and fourth generation; but this would be hard to prove.

—ANNE FREMANTLE.

VIENNESE MALAISE: The second instalment of Robert Musil's **"The Man Without Qualities"** (Coward-McCann, $5) brings the page total of the American edition up to 819. There are still two more volumes to go, but Mr. Musil's novel, which was still uncompleted on the day of his death, is grandiose in a more fundamental respect than size. It exhibits a disregard of novelistic tools that is at once reckless and calculated and,

—Jacket design for "Walk Toward the Rainbow."

". . . through the eyes of a psychiatrist."

because of the size of the canvas across which it spreads, majestic. Vienna in 1913 is the book's *mis-en-scène*. It is the capital of a superannuated empire that suffers from a curiously up-to-date malaise: "It was the first country in the present stage of evolution from which God withdrew his credit." He also withdrew its belief in itself and in the useful illusion that it has a mission. Thus, in the absence of a moral touchstone, good and evil, truth and falsehood are reduced to bottomless relativity. And the man who lives in such an environment, supplanting his sense of reality with a sense of possibility, becomes a "possibilitarian." Mr. Musil named his character an anonymous Ulrich von ——, a man without qualities who declaims his doubts in the drawing rooms of his friends and orates his confusions in the boudoirs of his mistresses. These all share his eloquence but cannot answer him positively. In fact, nothing can. Only one thing remains: the human will, ever defeated yet ever present with its endless and incessant thrust for order and orientation. There is Arnheim, the industrial tycoon and philosophical genius and renowned author, who attempts to combat the modern chaos with rennaissance versatility; Hans Sepp, who searches for the great Germanic "symbol" foreshadowing the swastika; and Moosburger, the criminal, who escapes the treacheries of thought in the certainty of an ultimate act—murder. By such characters the novel presents a tournament of theories instead of a drama of emotions. It is even more than its first volume a formidable *tour de force* composed of intricate dialectics, of a thousand finely-wrought intellectual crystals and not a single drop of blood.

—FREDERIC MORTON.

Bookmarks

THREE epochal innovations, two of them having to do with the transmission of words, received their battle-test on the field of the first Bull Run and were not found wanting. One was the railroad. The others were the electric telegraph and visual signaling. The very first message spelled out by the "talking flags" was urgent, dramatic, perhaps decisive: "Look out for your left. You are turned." We summarize this data from "Bull Run Remembers," by Joseph Mills Hanson, who retired recently after serving as superintendent of Manassas National Battlefield Park for many years. We once enjoyed the unforgettable privilege of hearing Major Hanson recreate both Bull Run battles on the spot, and it seemed to us that the National Park Service was singularly fortunate in having so distinguished a scholar-soldier on its roster. We unreservedly recommend "Bull Run Remembers" to every visitor to Manassas National Battlefield Park and to every student of Civil War history—it is vivid, accurate, meticulously detailed. Bull Run battlefield is only twenty-five miles out of Washington, and no visitor to the capital should fail to explore it. The first of the two Bull Run battles had the advantage (from the visitor's point of view) of being fought over a comparatively small area—you can stand on Henry House Hill, where Stonewall Jackson earned his name, and see the whole gory checker-board spread out before you.

* * *

Geometry permeates our lives—we have the vicious circle, the domestic triangle, the deadly parallel, the inflation spiral, the party line, the sphere of influence, the point of no return, and cube steaks.

* * *

From a fine paper by Jotham Johnson of New York University in *Scientific American*, "The Language of Homer's Heroes" (neat archeological detective work), we learn that Homer mentions writing only once—a message which King Proetus of Argos gave one Bellerophon to deliver to the king of Lycia. Since the message instructed the addressee to kill Bellerophon (as dirty a piece of buck-passing as ever was), Mr. Johnson is forced to the conclusion that Bellerophon was either illiterate or "a man of honor," and much good it did him.

* * *

We have the familial adjectives *fatherly, motherly, sisterly, brotherly,* but where are *sonly, nephewly, auntly, uncley?*

—J. T. W.

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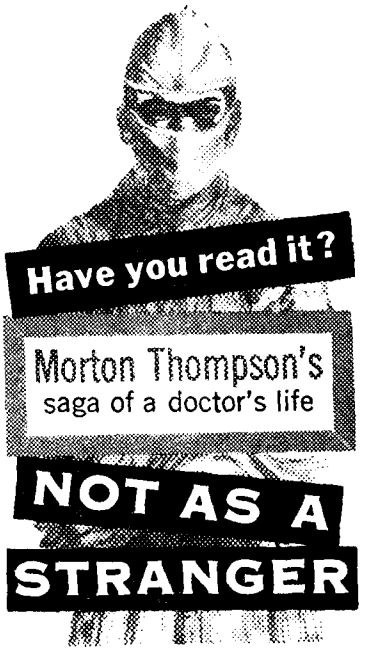
The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
BUTCHER, BAKER, MURDER-MAKER *George Harmon Coxe, ed.* (Knopf: $3.50)	This is 5th Mystery Writers of America annual—21 yarns, mainly by top-flighters.	Lives up to established high standard—nice bedside book (but leave lights on).	Pleasant mélange of techniques
SUICIDE EXCEPTED *Cyril Hare* (Macmillan: $2.75)	English eccentric oversleeps; Insp. Mallet doubts crime, but keeps watchful eye.	Insurance angle imparts neat twist to ingenious, fast-paced tale.	Brainy and brisk
THE HEARSE HORSE SNICKERED *Carolyn Thomas* (Lippincott: $2.50)	New Mexico spa unveiling marred by double slaughter; Sheriff Vincent plays MC.	Junketing Hollywood TV set consumes much toddy in superpanoramic noisemaker.	Slightly confusing
THE CASE OF THE RESTLESS REDHEAD *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.75)	Perry Mason, aiding tyro lawyer, hits the line hard as usual and slides off tackle to victory.	Fine forensic fireworks in this one, but windup is tricky, contrived.	Not his masterpiece
VAMP TILL READY *Terry Rieman* (Harper: $2.75)	Giddy diva is storm-center in triple NY killings; crooked cop bulls along.	Jarred musical set well drawn; many bouffant skirts.	Attractive number
FATAL IN MY FASHION *Pat McGerr* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Iowa model's Paris triumph goes phut as dagger descends; cops' share nominal.	Flashback job moderately effective; *haute couture* will appeal.	To the ladies
THE SILENT WOMEN *Margaret Paige Hood* (Coward-McCann: $2.75)	Maine islanders mum as local charmer vanishes; Deputy Sheriff Gil Dolan goes boating.	Much seafood consumed as cavalleria rusticana didoes unfold.	Local color abounds
GOLD WAS OUR GRAVE *Henry Wade* (Macmillan: $2.75)	British promoter's death gives Scotland Yard's big wheels chance to roll.	Full treatment here for those who like detailed coverage.	Leisurely but nice
THE GLASS VILLAGE *Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $3.50)	New England hamlet sees red as poker fells Grandma-Moses type; wise amateurs ponder.	Full-statured and fast-paced yarn has overtones for our time.	Bell ringer
HELL STREET *Max Franklin* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Unbuyable cop in racket-ridden US city applies heat, smokes out evil in big way.	Merriwell-type hero contrasts as expected with conventional villains.	Orthodox
THE CAT AND FIDDLE MURDERS *E. B. Ronald* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Swank London bistro sprouts three killings; Pvt. Eye Bradley goes Amurrican, bests Yard.	Too long, ill-organized, otherwise sound; author will beat this.	Diffuse but moves
CUT ME IN *Hunt Collins* (Abelard-Schuman: $2.50)	NY lit. agency is trimurder axis as cops follow story-line.	Nudity-cum-crudity yarn is gory and super-chatty.	Punch-drunk
THE CASE OF THE SEVEN OF CAVALRY *Anthony Boucher* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Ice-pick removes Swiss intellectual at U. of California; faculty put heads together.	1937 number holds up as latest in Murder Revisited series.	Brain teaser
CRY MURDER *Nancy Rutledge* (Dutton: $2.75)	NY stage star (male) bumps off aging benefactress; crime fails to pay.	Formula slick-paper job uses rills-of-consciousness technique.	Slightly incredible
GIVE A MAN A GUN *John Creasey* (Harper: $2.75)	London toughs give Chief Insp. West sleepless nights as cops are mowed down.	Unpredictable gals have big parts in panoramic thriller.	Highly fanciful
THE LAST STRAW *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Penniless salesman gets chance to glom 35 Gs in Conn.; killing follows.	See-all yarn more synopsis than story; handling conventional. —SERGEANT CUFF.	Ordinary



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The Judgment of the Diplomat

Continued from page 10

Abadan by force in 1950. But no British Government dared make that case to the British people. Even those who wanted to use force had to assert that we were discharging a great civilizing mission which was much to the benefit of the Persians themselves. Now a Conservative Government has won universal approval by making an agreement which the Persians find satisfactory.

A democratic foreign policy has got to be idealistic; or at the very least it has to be justified in terms of great general principles. If the people are to exert themselves they must be convinced that what they are doing is for the good of mankind and that a better world will come out of it. The "realists" smiled at "the war to end war," World War I, and at the hopes for a lasting peace in World War II; but these wars could not have been kept going without these appeals. Once tell people that they are fighting only for their properties or their lives and they will discover that there is an easier way to do it—to surrender. France had more "realist" diplomatists than any other country and this realism went deeper. This is the basic reason why France surrendered in 1940, and why most Frenchmen accepted the policy of the Vichy Government. A realist foreign policy must always end at Vichy—cautious collaboration with the aggressor. When the people go wrong it is not from selfishness or materialism, but because they have got their moral values wrong. For instance, American "isolationism" in the 1930s did not rest on selfishness. It sprang from the conviction that World War I had been a crooked conspiracy of armament-manufacturers and that it served no moral purpose. Once the American people discarded this belief isolationism was dead; and the few isolationists who still survive are not the most selfish Americans, but the most obstinately idealist—though perhaps the most mistaken.

IN EXACTLY the same way, the British failure to resist Hitler before 1939 sprang from moral confusion, not from cowardice. It is now becoming the fashion in England to argue that the long series of retreats from 1935 to 1938 was caused by our military weakness; and Chamberlain is praised for buying time at Munich. My recollection is different. The British people were told over and over again by their most idealistic advisers that Germany had been hardly used. Reparations, one-sided disarmament, the peace-settlement of 1919 were condemned by liberals and the Comintern alike. I can remember when I first visited Prague, in 1928, thinking how backward it was and how Dresden and Vienna were more civilized and democratic. For the vast majority of British people Hitler's demands seemed justified, however evil Hitler was in himself—otherwise they would have opposed him despite the risk. The military experts may have held that we were too weak to go to war when Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland in 1936. That was not how the question presented itself to public opinion: English people felt that the Germans had the right to reoccupy their own territory, and that was all there was to it. The debate over supporting Czechoslovakia in 1938 was conducted entirely in moral terms; and in fairness to Neville Chamberlain it should be said that he stuck to these terms—he never used the argument of military weakness by which he is now defended. The Sudeten Germans were supposed to have a justified grievance; the Czechs were supposed to be in the wrong. Those of us who wanted to stand by Czechoslovakia lost not because the country was short of fighter aircraft or radar defense. We lost because we could not undo in six months twenty years of moral propaganda in favor of Germany. But the moment that Hitler destroyed his moral prestige by occupying Prague in March 1939 the British people were determined to oppose him; and nothing could have stopped them.

It is one thing to say that democratic opinion is usually right; quite another to say the same of democratic statesmen. The almost universal pattern of democratic countries is the lack of faith in the people shown by those who are supposed to be leading them. The prototype of democratic statesmen is the revolutionary of 1848 who was seen trailing after a crowd and who said: "I am their leader; I must follow them." Democratic statesmen have excused their failures again and again by asserting that the people would not have stomached a stronger policy, though in fact the experiment of offering the stronger policy was never tried. How are the people to appreciate the hard truth when their leaders go on assuring them that all is well? The failure of Great Britain and France to rearm against Hitler is always held up as the warning example. But the people were never given the chance to judge this issue. Stanley Baldwin, who determined

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British policy, believed that he would lose a general election if he advocated great armaments. The British people were therefore told that Great Britain was stronger than Germany and that, in any case, Hitler was not dangerous. Baldwin won the general election of 1935; but even then he did not rearm. At every stage the British Government was driven forward by public opinion, not held back. When I woke up to the German danger in 1936 (rather late in the day) I wanted the Labour Party to come out for great armaments and uncompromising resistance to Hitler. I was told that this would lose the next general election. Instead the war came. There was no general election; and Winston Churchill, the only man who had advocated resistance to Hitler, was swept into supreme power.

Recent American history teaches the same lesson. Franklin D. Roosevelt may have been ahead of public opinion in 1937; but those detached historians William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason insist that he was a long way behind it in 1940. During his campaign for reelection he inserted—against the advice of his closest colleagues—the sentence: "Your boys are not going to be sent into foreign wars." His subsequent difficulties were not forced on him by public opinion; they sprang from his own desire to have it both ways. Messrs. Langer and Gleason refer to "the mental confusion which had made it so easy for the American people simultaneously to advocate increased aid to Britain and avoidance of war"; and they add: "The only conclusion which voters were logically entitled to draw from the campaign of 1940 was their right, on the very highest authority, to persist in incompatible courses of action." The behavior of Baldwin and Roosevelt may be reduced to a general proposition. When a democratic leader is faced with the choice between remaining in power and telling the truth to the people he will follow the course which he thinks will keep him in power. We may add a further proposition: the choice is wrong, even for him, in the long run. Baldwin became so unpopular that in 1940 he dared not visit London—"they hate me so." Roosevelt's historical reputation was redeemed only when he was forced into war against his previous pledges, in 1941.

The people judge soundly on great issues. They cannot be expected to determine tactics. In diplomacy they are impatient with formality and delay; in war they expect fleets and armies to be in two places at once. The experts—whether generals or diplomats—are doing their right job when they translate the will of the

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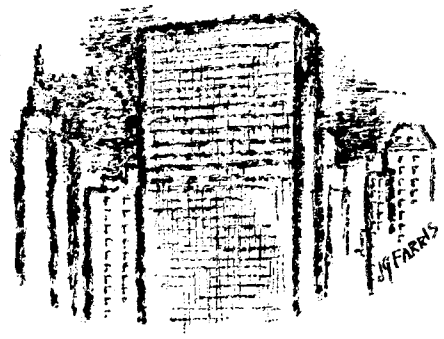
people into practical terms. They err when they try to substitute a will of their own. The people lose faith in the cynical exponents of the practical; and they turn in disillusionment to those false prophets—the whole-hogging idealists. It is tempting to argue that, since it pursues idealistic aims, foreign policy should be uncompromisingly idealistic all the time. We went to war to free Poland; therefore every country in the world should receive a democratic constitution straight away. We dislike methods of violence and hate war; therefore all wars must be immediately forbidden. The common man knows that there is a difference between right and wrong, between black and white. That is his strength and his virtue. His weakness is to suppose that there is only black and white with nothing in between. He is impatient with the suggestion that they shade into each other or that there is something to be said on both sides. Such arguments seem to him "expediency." They savor of the "realism" which he has rightly rejected. The idealists play into his hands. They too know little of the practical difficulties; they too want a readymade answer; they too are exasperated when an ideal, once formulated, is not immediately achieved—and even more exasperated if its moral superiority is challenged. And in their impatience they advocate the victory of idealism by the most violent methods.

THE League of Nations and the United Nations roused the idealists in this way. Both organizations rested on the dogma that war between nations must cease. This moral purpose was their sole justification. As an ultimate goal, it represents the only foreign policy which a democratic public opinion can applaud. But how can we move towards this ultimate goal? By seeking to limit and to end such wars as occur? Or by blowing up every little war into a big one? The idealists gave the second answer. The man in the street had too much common sense to follow them. Though he needs an abstract principle for which to fight, he also needs to be convinced that some practical issue is at stake. The Abyssinian crisis of 1935 was the outcome of this contradiction. The idealists wanted to assert the prestige of the League of Nations. The man in the street had a shrewd idea that it did not matter whether Italy conquered Abyssinia—or Abyssinia conquered Italy. The worst of all possible outcomes followed. The League of Nations was ruined; and Abyssinia was ruined also. Indeed, Abyssinia would have preserved some of its independence if there had been no League of Nations. There was something wrong with an international organization against war which could protect its members only by making war universal.

The United Nations was supposed to have more modest aims. Hence the veto which its creators deliberately put into the hands of the founding Great Powers. No action could be taken without their unanimous permission; therefore, it was thought, no great war would be possible. Russia's temporary absence from the Security Council in 1950 gave the idealists their chance. They set out to do in Korea what they had failed to do in Abyssinia. They would make war on war; and they cheerfully faced the risk of world war for an issue that was not in itself worth war at all. Had not the American chiefs of staff themselves proposed withdrawal from Korea before the invasion started? We got the war, but not the reward. Korea was not liberated; it was devastated and, in the end, partitioned, just as it could have been at the beginning. There were many practical reasons why the forces of the United Nations failed to achieve complete victory in Korea. But the basic reason was that this victory could be won only at the risk of general war; and the people would not run this risk for a question that did not matter in itself.

The people temper their idealism with common sense. They will make sacrifices for an ideal cause; but they have to be convinced that the ideals are genuine and that the sacrifices will bring commensurate rewards—for others, if not for themselves. The British and, later, the American people were so convinced in regard to Hitler. They believed that he was wholly evil and that liberation was a real boon to the peoples of Europe—as anyone who saw them in the first days after 1945 must have recognized that it was. They do not hold these beliefs so clearly about Soviet Communism—at least the British people do not, and I can speak only of them. They detest the political tyranny of Communism; but they also think that it has brought great social gains. They may be wrong in this belief, but it is



widespread. It can be found not only in the speeches of Labour politicians, but in a recent book by the correspondent of a Conservative newspaper, the *Daily Telegraph*. Liberation from Hitler seemed a worthy cause, even though it meant restoring the systems of government and of society which had existed before Hitler's conquest of Europe. Liberation from the Communists does not seem a worthy cause, if it means putting back the systems (now no doubt exaggeratedly blamed) which the Communists overthrew. Popular opinion has a confused hope that the Communists will become less tyrannical if they are left alone. It believes that prosperity ruins dictatorship; and therefore, perhaps absurdly, pins its faith to the economic success of Communism.

The confusions and hesitations of the West spring from the attempt of the idealists to drive the people too fast and too far. The people will ride out on a Crusade. They have done it before; and they will do it again. But they cannot go crusading all the time, particularly when they are not convinced that good will follow. It is not enough to prove that Communism is evil; we have also to show a better alternative. Every anti-Communist is an asset for Communism; for he implies that Communism is the only positive value. Faith, not resistance, made the Crusades. Lacking this faith the people relapse into cynicism and indifference. But it is not the cynicism of the "realist" diplomat. The people are as skeptical of realism as of everything else. It is a cynicism of negation, of indifference, if not of despair. Railing against democrac[illegible]ill not remove this cynicism. C[illegible] changes will not alter the character of democratic foreign policy. Everyone in private life strikes a balance between self-interest and high principle. The people want the same in public affairs. They will never support a policy which thinks of "the national interest" alone; nor will they sacrifice themselves, and others, for an idealism which does not count the cost. It is for the leaders, not for the people, to find a solution. The professional diplomats must have ideals; and the idealists must have some common-sense.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1080)

G. B. LAMBERT:
MURDER IN NEWPORT

The name Newport, I am afraid, brings to the average reader an impression of marble houses and hedge-hidden villas—and no more. The truth is, however, that much of the old shipping village remains. . . . The meandering course of Thames Street has changed but little.

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The Air Around Us

Continued from page 13

sense abortive: "Snow in truth springs straight out of the mystic womb of sky, where hyperborean winds spoon the molecules of water vapor into sublimated birth."

But such flatulence fades away in the total impression. Imaginatively illustrated by the author, it is a book of the air age, informative and dramatic, indispensable to those who are ready to rise from the sea to the air around us.

Man on Wings

LEGLESS PILOT: Paul Brickhill's **"Reach for the Sky"** (W. W. Norton, $3.75) is an engrossing biography of one of the legendary heroes of World War II, Wing Commander Douglas Bader of the Royal Air Force. Bader's record as an air tactician and fighter pilot with a personal bag of twenty-two German planes would be impressive enough by itself, but inevitably what makes his a remarkable story is the fact that he is legless. As a young RAF pilot he lost both legs in an air crash in 1931. Ironically, the RAF would not take him back, despite his magnificent feat of learning to walk without a cane, play golf, even dance with artificial legs, until the war broke out. In the Battle of Britain such niceties as legs counted little as every native of the island braced for Hitler's onslaught, and Bader was placed on active duty.

Brickhill, who was a pilot himself, writes of Bader's experiences in the air with a special insight if perhaps with a bit more attention to technical details than a layman needs. Possibly the best section of the book, however, is his reconstruction of Bader's attempts to walk, to play, and finally to fly again after losing his legs. The narrative is painfully clinical at times, but always fascinating. Brickhill has also avoided larding his story through with inspirational asides, and yet, by sensibly restraining his obvious admiration for Bader and setting down the facts simply, he has produced an even more inspirational book than those which consciously try to be so.

Since Bader's wartime career also included a parachute jump, a crash, imprisonment by the Germans, repeated attempts to escape, and assorted tales of bravado, there is rarely a dull moment. Brickhill was a prisoner of the Germans also, an experience he turned to good account in "The Great Escape."

—J. M. Flagler.

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1081

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

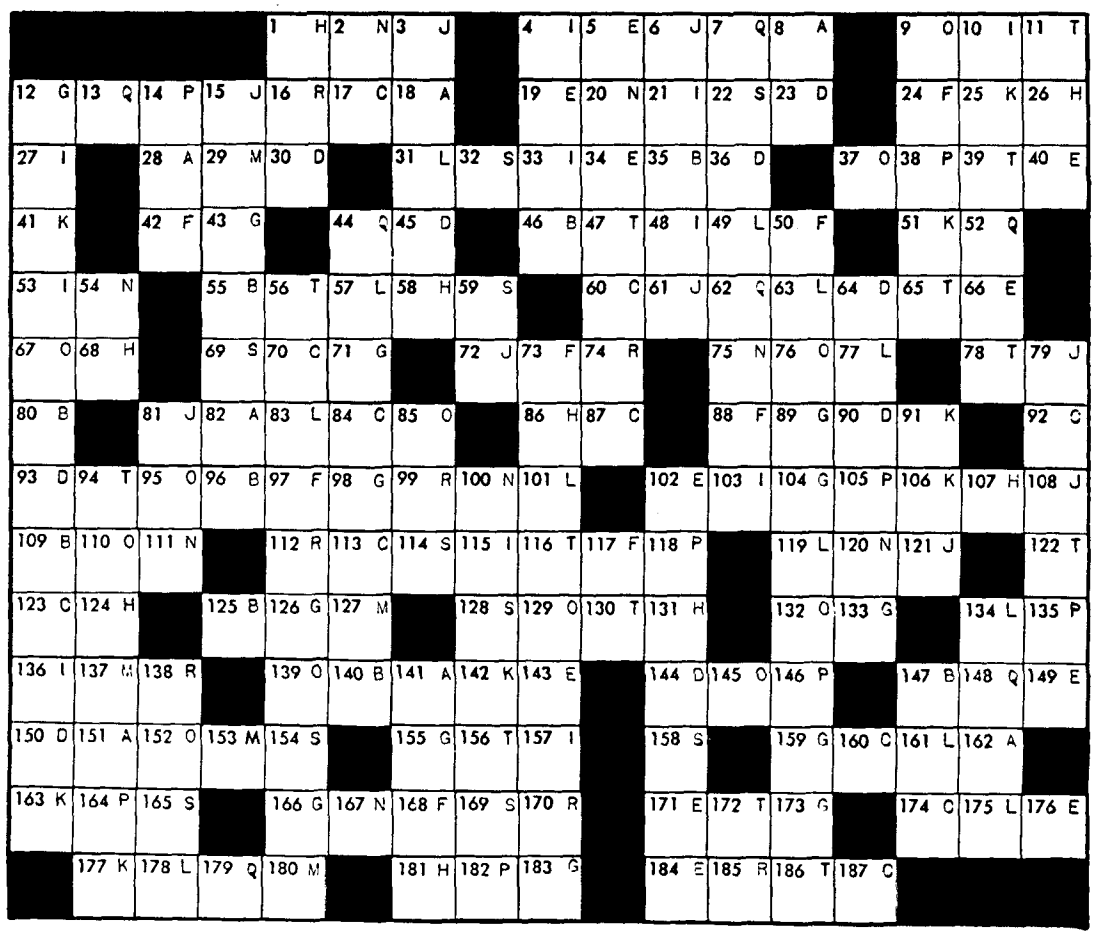
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Abstains from (something) as wrong or distasteful.	18 8 151 28 141 82 162
B. Said of something which remains to be acted upon by somebody (2 wds.).	96 109 147 125 80 46 35 55 140
C. Incapable of disproof.	70 123 84 113 187 92 174 160 60 17 87
D. Unanimity in matters of opinion.	36 144 90 45 150 93 30 64 23
E. One of two symbolic devices commemorative of Crusades (2 wds.).	184 19 143 66 171 40 147 5 102 34 176
F. Tiny mole-like creature common in Europe (2 wds.; Sorex vulgaris).	73 117 88 97 42 168 50 24
G. Slogan of a campaign which climaxed in the Nineteenth Amendment (3 wds.).	104 133 98 173 71 155 126 12 166 89 159 43 183
H. First three wds., title of Browning poem in "Men and Women" (see Word S).	58 107 131 86 1 68 124 26 181
I. Return of an article found to be defective, for the price paid.	157 48 115 27 21 33 136 4 53 103 10
J. Popular ancestor of the current "Good Humor" (2 wds.).	3 81 6 79 108 121 72 15 61

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Line drawn on a map to indicate areas of equal density of population.	142 41 163 106 25 91 51 177
L. The road to ruin (2 wds.).	57 83 119 161 134 178 49 101 31 63 77 175
M. Any Mexican yucca yielding coarse fiber like ixtle.	29 180 127 137 153
N. Courteous refusal (2 wds.).	75 167 111 120 20 100 2 54
O. Where Love is said to fly, at the approach of poverty (3 wds.).	67 129 132 139 152 95 145 9 110 85 76 37
P. What Chaucer says the reteller of tales must find, to sustain the interest (2 wds.; Canterbury Tales: Prologue).	146 105 182 164 38 135 14 118
Q. Common to both sexes.	7 148 44 62 52 179 13
R. Provides with means or opportunity.	185 74 99 16 112 138 170
S. Last two words of title in Word H.	158 22 59 69 32 154 128 114 165 169
T. One of 32 young American men of distinction sent to study at Oxford Univ. each year (2 wds.).	39 78 56 94 116 130 65 11 47 156 186 122 172

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are the acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 56 of this issue.

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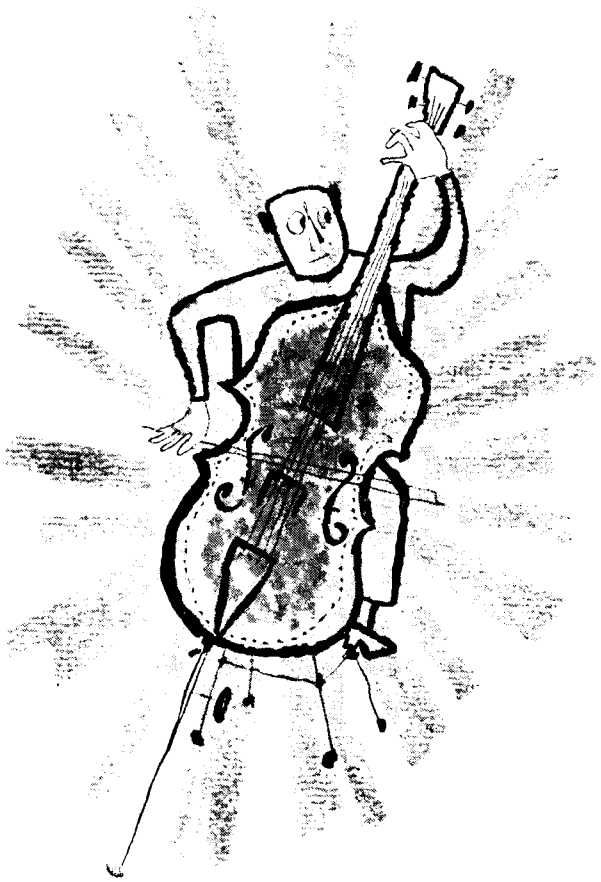

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